The Bluestocking

1928

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THE BLUESTOCKING

Published by

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Mary Baldwin Seminary
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA
1919-1920

To

Miss Nannie L. Tate

the first graduate of Mary Baldwin Seminary
we dedicate the Bluestocking of 1920
in loving appreciation of her
faithfulness and interest
shown then, and now, to the
school, and to the girls

8650

I wish to thank you for
the honor you have done
me in giving my name
this place in your book.
It is peculiarly gratifying
to me at this time, as
the present session will
end my long connection
with the Seminary.
The girls of 1919-20 will
always have a warm
place in my memory.

With best wishes,

Your friend,

Nannie L. Tate

FOREWORD

¶ To the students of the Mary Baldwin Seminary we present the Bluestocking of 1920. We have tried to gather as complete a record as possible of the good times had in school this year. It is our sincere hope, that, as you look over this book, now, and in the years to come, you may find what will suggest to you the happiest of memories.

If ye wi' hark, all ye wi' learn
From Scottish figures gae
O' mony things at M. B. S.
O' work, also o' play.

The bonnie maids and brawnie lads
They flaunt themselves most bravely
And with their kilts and Highland fling
Tell all to ye quite naïvely.

So if ye like this stocking blue
The Scotch have done their part
In helping illustrate it through
That it may win your heart.

—Elizabeth Coit.

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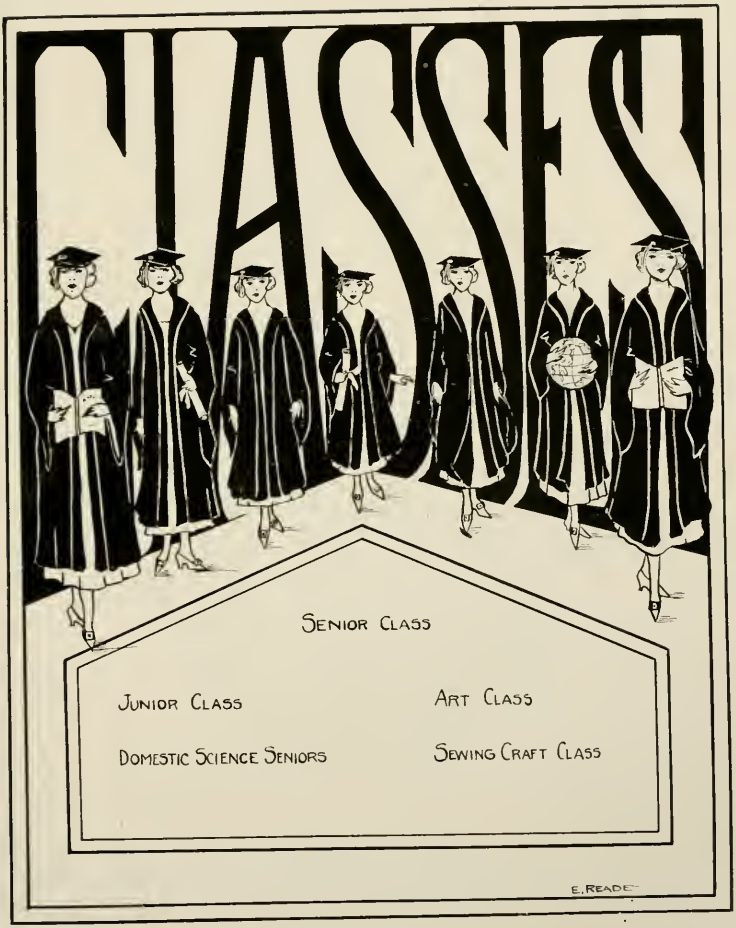
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AND SINCERE FRIEND

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Katherine Bear

"She is optimistic, prudent, and sentimental. She is analytical and plausible in her statements. She has latent power, a large vision, proper pride, and a strong will power."

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STAUNTON, VA.

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Winifred Eisenberg

"She is ardent in friendship, and is guided by good judgment. She has ideality and refinement of mind. She is slow to condemn others, and is conscientious in her work. She is emotional and has abilities."

IVA BAUGHER

STAUNTON, VA.

PIANO

Iva C. Baugher

"She has capacity to feel and sublimity of manner. She is enterprising and shrewd. She is emotional and has deep affections. She is idealistic and likes formality. She is slow to condemn others."

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BECKLEY, W. VA.

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Helen E. Martin

"She is emotional, exuberant, accurate in her work, and self reliant. She speaks directly and deliberately, and has habitual dislike of rule or domineering. She is slow to condemn others. She likes formality, and has great impressive ability."

ELIZABETH PARKER

RAPHINE, VA.

PIANO

Elizabeth Parker

"She has generous feelings and is vivacious. She has integrity and luxurious tastes. She has suavity and blandness of manner. She likes elegance, and has a loving disposition. She is poetic in taste and bouyant in thought."

HELEN SELLERS

STAUNTON, VA.

PIANO AND ORGAN

Helen H. Sellers

"She is dignified in manner, indifferent and has the faculty of hiding her feelings. She is mirthful, bold, and blunt at times, and has a sense of humor. She desires finish in all she does, and is staunch in friendship. She is trustworthy, and exclusive of attachment."

ELLA BARTON

AVOCA, LA.

VOICE

Ella Barton

"She is prudent, and has power to acquire. She is exclusive in her attachments, and has latent power. She is somewhat materialistic and delights in achievements. She is sentimental and somewhat pugnacious."

MARY SUE BOWMAN

STAUNTON, VA.

VOICE

Mary Sue Bowman

"She is magnetic and constant in affections. She possesses ardor and a loving disposition. Her character is irreproachable. She likes formality, and has proper pride."

ELIZABETH M. DUDLEY

WHEELING, W. VA.

VOICE

Elizabeth M. Dudley.

"She is philosophical and cultured. She has latent power and proper pride. She likes ceremony, is nonchalant at times in her manner, and has sequence in her ideas. She is loyal and daring."

ELIZABETH B. LERCH

ALLENTOWN, PA.

VOICE

Elizabeth B. Lerch

"She is active and diplomatic. She is impulsive, and possesses executive ability. She loves novelty and is willing to imbibe new ideals. Her mind rules her body, and her personality is often her passport to favor."

CATHERINE NOELL

COVINGTON, VA.

VOICE

Catherine Noell

"She has a strongly sensitive nature, and is constant in affection. She is concise in all she does. She likes dignity and disapproves of bad form in any assembly. She has artistic pride and a nervous temperament."

ADA WISE

ALLENTOWN, PA.

VOICE

Ada Wise

"She has a large vision and is observing. She is simple and pure in her feelings. She likes difficult tasks, and sees to the point of things readily. She has a critical disposition, restrained bouyancy, and good head control."

MARY HIGHLAND BELL

STAUNTON, VA.

ORGAN

Mary Highland Bell

"She is constant in affections and diplomatic. She has executive ability, and is very adaptable. She has decided musical talent, but is a little slow and peacefully inclined."

MILDRED GARDINOR

MERIDEN, CONN.

ORGAN

Mildred Gardinor

"She is composed in her manner, has good head control and abilities. She is demonstrative, industrious, and altruistic. She has a good command of language, and is prudent."

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MILLEN, GA.

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Caroline Lane

"She is modest and sympathetic. She is ambitious and conscientious. She has the faculty for making friends, and is loyal and thoughtful of others. She has a nervous temperament and likes excitability."

ISABELLE McGOWAN

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

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Isabelle McGowan.

"She loves work for its own sake, and has a simple nature. She is capable, sensitive, amiable, and sagacious. She has a loving disposition, and is so conscientious that she had rather be cheated than cheat."

LILLIAN M. FLOYD

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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Lillian Floyd

"She is active and aggressive. She aspires for the best, and is self-assured. She has ideals which raise her mind above trifles. She is sensitive and somewhat temperamental."

ALBERT L. HULL

SAVANNAH, GA.

ART

Albert L. Hull

"She has proper pride, is business-like, and enterprising. She is prudent and self reliant. She has a sense of humor and wide sympathies. She has luxurious tastes and good reasoning powers."

GAY WHITE SUMMERS

ART

ABINGDON, VA.

Gay W. Summers

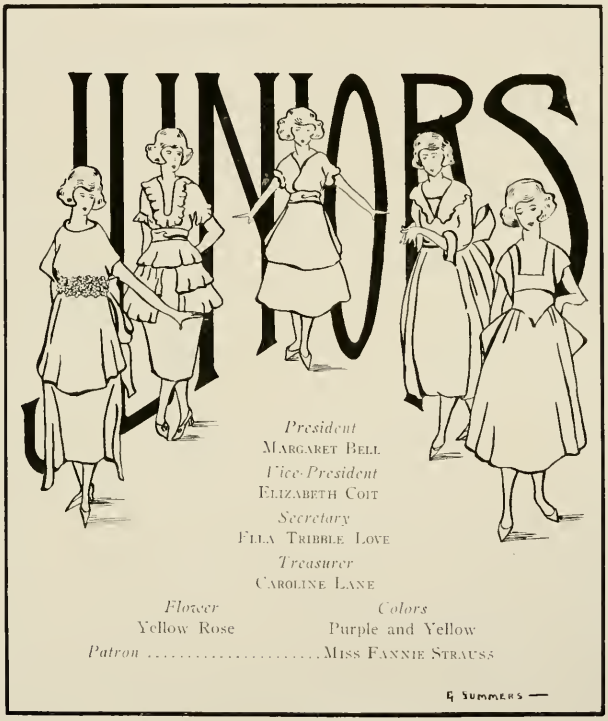
"She has a loving disposition, and is aggressive. She loves novelty, and is willing to imbibe new ideas. She has keen appreciation of shape and color; is active and neat as well as methodical and acute. She is frank, cautious, and prudent."

MARY CARPENTER

COVINGTON, VA.

POST GRADUATE VOICE

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"



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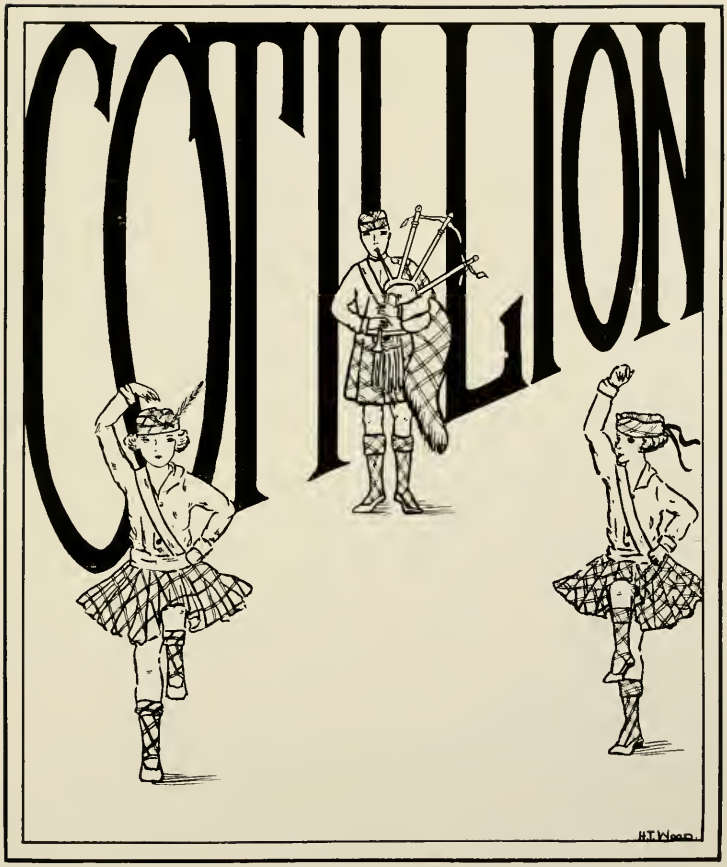
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VIRGINIA CLUB

MBS MBS

Motto

Sic semper tyrannum

Flower

Wild rose

Colors

Gold and Blue

Officers

President ..... Catherine Noell
Vice-President ..... Katherine Nelson
Secretary ..... Louisa Venable
Treasurer ..... Eliza Rawlings

Members

Mary Allen
Martha Boxley
Frances Capper
Eva Cook
Lolita Cruser
Virginia Ellis
Helen Gaw
Annie Harris
Emma Harris
Marguerite Harvey
Mary Hevener
Mary Ella Howard
Lucy Hotinger
Lois Jennings
Marjorie Johnson
Margaret McWhorter

Sarah Morgan
Katherine Nelson
Elizabeth Nelson
Catherine Noell
Virginia Overby
Nell Patterson
Eliza Rawlings
Catherine Rucker
Margaret Russell
Virginia Sneed
Gertrude Stickley
Gay Summers
Louisa Venable
Cathryn Watson
Gussie Giffin
Frances Eubank

VIRGINIA

WEST VIRGINIA CLUB

MBS MBS

Motto

Montani semper liberi.

Flower

Rhododendron

Colors

Blue and Gold

Song

"West Virginia"

Officers

President ..... Freda Rexsford

Secretary-Treasurer ..... Dorothy Pryor

Members

Mary Spence Barron
Imogen Coleman
Elizabeth Dudley
Gertrude Davis
Helen Good
Elizabeth Harmon
Jessie Keister
Elizabeth Johnston
Helen Martin
Isabelle McGowan
Dorothy Patterson
Eleanor Payne
Louise Pryor
Dorothy Pryor
Freda Rexsford
Lorena Stephenson
Margaret Van Devanter

SOUTHERN CLUB

Flower	Motto	Colors
Golden Rod	*The more the merrier*	Green and Gold

Officers

President ..... Margaret Builder
Vice-President ..... Asenath Phifer
Secretary ..... Mazie Hall
Treasurer ..... Elizabeth Coit

Members

Eunice Artz
Alma Artz
Ella Barton
Freda Bass
Virginia Barry
Dorothy Beatty
Hughie Beatty
Elizabeth Bivins
Elise Bishop
Margaret Builder
Nettie Buckelew
Evelyn Calvin
Elizabeth Coit
Elizabeth Edwards
Masie Hall
Jewel Jett
Lillian Kershaw
Kathryn Loomis
Katherine Michie
Patsy McCord
Asenath Phifer
Dorothy Reid
Isabel Roseborough
Rose Saffel
Alphonsie Stuart
Julia Stockton
Ada Louise Simpson
Estelle Tomlinson
Annabel Vreeland
Margaret Vreeland
Mary Bell Washington
Rosa Wilson

CAROLINA CLUB

Flower
Sweetheart Rose

Song
"Carolina Sunshine"

Colors
Blue and White

Officers

President ..... Lillian Floyd
Vice-President ..... Kate Page
Secretary ..... Gladys Palmer
Treasurer ..... Louise Hodges

Members

Mildred Barbour
Lillian Floyd
Virginia Hearne
Mary Lily Hearne
Louise Hodges
Pearl Humphrey
Ione Hooker
Elizabeth Huffman
Katherine Jones
Elizabeth Keerans
Margaret Mellon
Sulou McCullers
Gladys Palmer
Elsie Palmer
Kate Page
Dorothy Parker
Katherine Shelton

GEORGIA CLUB

Colors
Black and Red

Song
"Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia"

Officers

President ..... Nannie Hull
Vice-President ..... Louise Inman
Secretary ..... Caroline Lane
Treasurer ..... Mary Coney

Members

Eoline Byrom	Mary Henderson	Caroline Lane	Jane Stuart
Julia Coney	Albert Hull	Margaret Morgan	Mary Taylor
Mary Coney	Nannie Hull	Louise McKenny	Emma Twiggs
Charlotte Conant	Louise Inman	Jeanette Murphy	Ardys Williams
Rebekah Harman	Dorothy Johnson	Mary Evans Rankin	Lynn Williams

TRI STATE CLUB

Motto

Not afraid of work, but not in sympathy with it

Colors

Black and Gold

Flower

Black-eyed Susan

Song

"I'm Going Back to the South Where the Black-eyed Susans Grow"

Officers

President ..... Ella Tribble Love
Vice-President ..... Georgia May
Secretary-Treasurer .. Virginia Orgill
Phool ..... Leath Jetton

Members

Virginia Murphy
Eva Dupuy
Elizabeth Angle
Isabelle Cullom
Libb Huggins
Rosa Lee Lynn
Miriam Herstein
Fanny McClain
Imogene Dupuy
Edith Angle
Helen Knight
Oliver Alford
Lucile Davis
Clara Mae Dender
Thelma Sigler

NORTHEASTERN CLUB

Motto
"Just Smile"

Colors
Navy Blue and silver

Song
"Have a Smile for Everyone You Meet."

Officers

President ..... Dorothy Pettus
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Marie Jordan

Members

Hermione Adams	Dorothea Dobson	Louise Hurd	Esther Robbins
Jean Ackerson	Margaret Fee	Marie Jordan	Salina Rose
Ellinor Burnett	Anna Frazer	Mary Lobo	Ruth Stevens
Carmen Cerecedo	Mary Virginia Fulton	Virginia Marchant	Margaret Spragins
Suzanne Calkins	Mildred Gardinor	Roselle Montgomery	Grace Williams
Catherine Cadmus	Jean Graham	Elizabeth Morrow	Elizabeth Wright
Dorothy Dixon	Elizabeth Gue	Dorothy Pettus	

PENNSYLVANIA CLUB

Motto

Virtue, Liberty, Independence

Colors
Blue and Red

Flower
Purple Chrysanthemum

Officers

President ..... Elizabeth Lerch
Secretary ..... Margaret Wood
Treasurer ..... Honora Wood

Members

Jean Daugherty
Margaret Ervine
Lillian Kraus
Marjorie Johnson
Elizabeth Lerch
Elizabeth Little
Mary McCready
Ellen Morris
Helen Nace
Ada Wise
Margaret Wood
Honora Wood

WESTERN CLUB

Colors
Green and Silver

Motto
E pluribus unum

Flower
Violet

Officers

President ..... Martha Bacon
Vice-President ..... Dorothy Gage
Secretary ..... Gwladys Jones
Treasurer ..... Katharine Robbins

Members

Martha Bacon
Mabel Beard
Marion Barnhart
Elizabeth Brewer
Gladys Bush
Marjorie Cockrum
Margery Coffman
Alberta Edmondson
Nora Ellis
Dorothy Gage
Marie Hill
Anne Hancock
Gwladys Jones
Gladys King
Anne Luckett
Charlotte Northcraft
Virginia Paschal
Katherine Poore
Louise Pruge
Eleanor Reade
Inez Richards
Dorothy Rogers
Katharine Robbins
Elizabeth Stiver
Elizabeth Stimmel
Helen Whitacre

Director ..... Miss Norma Schoolar

Members

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Ella Barton
Elizabeth Bivens
Waltine Brower
Mary Sue Bowman
Elizabeth Brewer
Helen Bratton
Eoline Byrom
Elise Bishop
Theresa Baldwin
Mabel Beard
Elizabeth Brown
Mary Carpenter
Evelyn Calvin
Margery Coffman
Josephine Covington
Elizabeth Dudley
Dorothy Dilgard
Clara Mae Dender
Nora Ellis
Margaret Erwin
Lucille Earhart
Nora Ellis
Alberta Edmondson
Betty Gue
Helen Gaw
Mildred Gardinor
Thelma Green
Mary Hevener
Katherine Hasel
Mary Ella Howard
Libb Huggins
Marie Jordan
Jewel Jett
Pearle Kiester
Elizabeth Keerans
Elizabeth Lerch
Virginia Murphy
Isabelle McGowan
Margaret Morgan
Catherine Noell
Katherine Nelson
Dorothy Parker
Kate Page
Gladys Palmer
Dorothy Pryor
Katherine Poore
Katharine Robbins
Eliza Rawlings
Dorothy Rogers
Freda Rensford
Inez Richards
Elizabeth Stiver
Evelyn Stone
Katherine Shelton
Ruth Steinweg
Gertrude Stickley
Julia Tripp
Margaret Van Deventer
Annabel Vreeland
Ada Wise

ORCHESTRA

Director ..... Professor Schmidt

Violins

Marian Barnhart

Ella Barton

Mary Carpenter

Imogene Dupuy

Margaret Fultz

Thelma Green

Mary Hevener

Caroline Lane

Dorothy Patterson

Louise Pryor

Piano

Catherine Noell

Lorena Stephenson

Elizabeth Stiver

Organ

Helen Sellers

Drums

Iva Baugher

Cymbals

Dorothy Pryor

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Officers, 1919-1920

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Miss Elizabeth Bell .....Staunton, Va.

The Alumnæ Association cordially invites all the 1920 graduates and those girls who will not return to the Seminary in September to become members of this Association. The object of the organization is to perpetuate the feeling of loyalty toward the Seminary, and to keep the girls in close touch with the school and each other. The dues are comparatively small—one dollar on enrollment and fifty cents per year thereafter, or ten dollars for life membership.

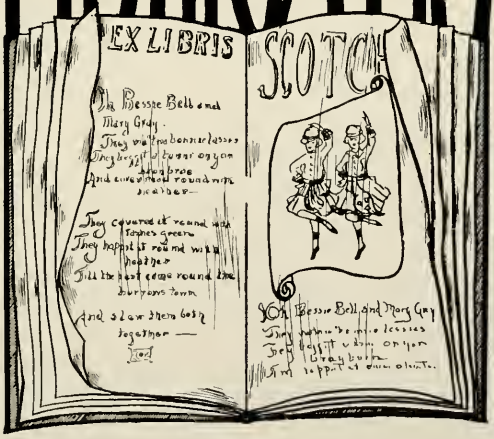
MEMORY OF

Miss Janet Woods

Miss Virginia Wyse

Miss Augusta Causey

PUBLICATION



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PRIZES FOR BLUESTOCKING WORK

For the best Short Story, offered by the Palais Royal, and won by Miss Dorothy Pettus.

For the best Poem, offered by the Beverly Book Store, and won by Miss Mary Ella Howard.

For the best Art Work, offered by Mr. Thomas Hogshead, and won by Miss Gay Summers.

For the best Kodak Picture, offered by Mr. H. L. Lang, and won by Miss Lillian Kershaw.

TAM O'SHANTER

DINA ye hear the news wha' Tam O'Shanter tells? It canna be ye've na heard it, wha' that skellum, Tam, saw as he was comin' hame frae market? Tosh! Then, I'll tell it ta ye as it was told to me.

Tam, as ye ken, is a sonter billie an' ae market nicht he an' his drouthy crony got themselves fon o' swats an' lost a' thots o' care. Ye ken th' nicht 'twas last night? 'Tis certain the' Deil had business i' tha' nicht. A weel, then, Tam, weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,—ye ken her?—skelpit on thro' mire and dub 'til kirk—Alloway was drawing nigh. That's the place, ye ken, where ghosts and houlets hold their revels. He cross'd the ford where th' chapman smoor'd in th' saw, an' skelpit past th' meikle—stane where the drouther Charlie brake his neck—bane, an' by the cavin where th' murdered bairnie, puir, wa bit was found, an' past where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'. Weel, he rode on, peerin' here and there for goblins and th' like until before him was the risen doon. Suddenly he saw Kirk Alloway a' a bleezin and wi' mirth resoundin' frae it bosh! he woudna ha' dared ta do it 'less he was souted wi' John Barley Corn! He made his way venture forward and mon, but he saw an unco sigh! He saw warlocks an' witches dancin' hornpipes, jigs, stratchspeys, an' reels. On a winnockbunker at th' east, sat th' Deil himsel', in shape o' a towzie tyke, screwin' his pipes til a' were deleerit. Coffins were open'd an' th' dead each held in its cauld hand a light by which Tam could see a lyin' upon th' holy table two little unchristened bairns, a murd'rer's banes in airns, a thief hanged by a rape, five tomahawks and five scinsitars rusted wi bluid, a garter that had strangled a babe, a knife that had cut a father's throat, three lawyer's tongues, priests' hearts rotten and black as muck, an' many mair o' harrible an' awful. As Tam watched, the fun grew fast and furious. The piper blew louder, th' bedlams threw off their duddies an' kicket in their sarks. Now, had they been bonnie burdie's!— But sic wither'd bedlams an' rigwoodie hags! I wonder he could stan' it! But there was ae winsome wench, a witch, in the core that nicht. Ye ken that Nannie who sluamed a' her folks an' eén the townfolks? She was a souple jade and danced first ae caper, syne anither, 'til Tam tint a' thegither his reason and roared out, "Well-done, Cutty-sack!" In an instant a' was dark an' th' hellish legion swarmed out towards him like angry bees. Maggie ran and th' witches followed, screeching. They raced on toward th' Doon, helterskelter. Tam an' th' witches. The keystane o' the brig was almost reached when Nannie, close on his heels, sprand at Tam. Maggie kicked her away, but left in her graspher ain grey tail.

This th' tail as told ta me by Kate hersel', but I dinna ken if it's true. Ye canna ken wha' a souter will see or tell, when John Barley Corn has mizzled his noddle.

—Josephine Criser.

TO MY LITTLE SCOTCH MOTHER

My dearie, Ah! my mither;
An' 'twill never be anither
That I luv and worship as I do thy name.
Since we laid thee to thy rest,
Sore and troubl'd is my breast,
And methinks I'll never, never be th' same.

'Tis all that's best and dearest
Which to God seems the nearest
And they leave us here to live our lives alane;
But we must gang our ways
Heedless of the worst o' days
'Till we, too, are called to rest in heav'n our hame.

All the world seems to miss thee,
Dear, all nature seems to see
That thou'rt gone forever and a day;
The flowers and birds o' Spring,
To thee, praises ever sing
And make me feel that ye be just away.

I canna think o' all the days
O' all thy luv and soothing ways
That once were mine and werna for anither;
And be na grieved I didna show thee
All the gratitude I owe thee
O! the dearest one t' me, my precious mither.

'Tis six months and a day
Since last ye went away
And left me, Mither, O! my dearest mither,
And 'twill ne'er be the same,
In the bonnie little hame
Which you made for us as ne'er could anither.

—Elizabeth Edwards.

PROMETHIUS FOILED AGAIN

The following is an extract from the *New York Times*, afternoon edition, February 3, 1920:

This morning Mr. John Sykes was found murdered at his home on Paxton Avenue. He was discovered dead in his library about seven a. m. Practically no clues were left. Detectives are now on the trail of a suspect.

The news of the tragic death of my friend, Mr. Sykes, had come to me as a great shock. The noon mail had brought me a most puzzling note from him.

My Dear Derrick:—

I have not long to live. I have been allowed to write this and one other note, having taken a solemn oath that I will give absolutely no clue concerning my death. When I first met you, you attracted my attention and ever since I have valued your friendship most highly. If I have accomplished anything in my life, I should like you to have the benefits.—Press the lion's mouth on the right hand corner of my library table. You will find a small drawer which contains my most treasured possession.

Sincerely,

J. S.

Naturally this created within me conflicting emotions. I could get no reports from the police stations nor detective agencies. I hurried to Mr. Syke's home in a very disturbed state of mind. The servants knew nothing.

A coroner's inquest had been held in the library, but every thing was now in its accustomed order. I followed my instructions. All happened just as it had been prophesied and I discovered in a tiny recess a piece of paper and a small box which contained cotton and some sort of a capsule. The letter was a queer jargon in my friend's writing. I had no idea of its meaning as there were no written words except my name.

My dear Derrick:—

(2-12-6) (4-22-15-15) (16-13-12-4) (7-24-24-6-9-26-7-22) (26-8) (18) (19-26-23) (19-26-5-22) (25-22-22-13) (18-13-7-22-13-8-22-15-2) (18-13-7-22-9-8-7-22-23) (18-13) (24-19-22-14-18-24-26-15-8) (26-13-23) (19-26-5-22) (8-11-22-13-7) (26) (20-9-22-26-7) (11-26-9-9-7) (12-21) (14-2) (7-18-14-22) (22-3-11-22-9-18-14-22-13-7-18-13-20) (4-18-7-19) (7-19-22-14) (21-12-9) (2-22-26-9-8) (18) (19-26-5-22) (25-22-22-13) (4-12-9-16-18-13-20) (12-13) (26) (21-12-9-14-6-15-26) (26-13-23) (9-22-24-22-24-22-13-7-15-2) (25-22-24-26-14-22) (24-12-13-5-18-13-24-22-23) (7-19-26-7) (4-18-7-19-) (26) (15-18-7-7-15-22) (14-12-9-22) (4-12-9-16) (18) (8-19-12-6-15-23) (11-12-8-8-22-8-8) (7-19-22) (8-22-24-9-22-7) (12-21) (22-7-22-9-13-26-15) (15-18-21-22) (7-12-18-20-19-7) (18)4-26-8) (24-12-14-11-18-15-18-13-20) 14-2) (21-12-9-14-6-15-26) (4-18-7-19) (7-19-22) (19-26-11-11-2) (26-8-8-6-9-26-13-24-22) (12-21) (8-6-24-24-22-8-8); (4-19-22-13) 7-4-12) (12-21) (14-2) (12-15-23) (22-13-22-14-18-22-8) (22-13-7-22-9-22-23). (18) (18-13-8-7-26-13-7-15-2) (9-22-26-15-18-1-22-23) (7-19-26-7) (18) (24-12-6-15-23) (13-12-7) (12-25-17-22-24-7-18-21-2) 14-2) (15-18-21-22-'8) (4-12-9-16). (7-19-22-9-22) (4-26-8) (13-12) (7-18-14-22) (21-12-9) (26-13-2) (26-24-7-18-12-13). 7-19-22-2) (19-26-23) (14-22) (24-12-5-22-9-22-23).—(7-19-18-8) 24-26-11-8-6-15-22) (19-26-8) (7-19-22) (11-12-4-22-9) (12-21) (22-13-23-12-4-18-13-20) (12-13-22) (4-18-7-19) 18-14-14-12-9-7-26-15) (15-18-21-22) (7-19-22) (21-12-9-14-6-15-26) (18-8) (8-15-18-20-19-7-15-2) (18-13-24-12-14-7-15-22-7-22) (26-13-23) (18-13-26-24-24-6-9-26-7-22) (26-8) (18) (19-26-23) (13-12-7) (10-6-18-7-22) (21-18-13-18-8-19-22-23) (18-7) (8-12) (7-19-22-9-22) (24-26-13)

(13-22-5-22-9) (25-22) (26-13-12-7-19-22-9) (8-6-24-19) (24-12-14-11-12-6-13-23). (26-8) (18) (19-26-5-22) (14-18-8-8-22-23) (7-19-22) (12-11-11-12-9-7-6-13-18-7-2) (12-21) (22-13-17-12-2-18-13-20) (14-2) (15-26-25-12-9) (18) (26-14) (20-18-5-18-13-20) (7-12) (2-12-6).

Your sincere friend.

J. S.

What could it mean? Mystery enveloped the entire affair. Many times I tried to translate or get some key to the numerals. It seemed hopeless. At last I was almost ready to give up in despair—but, no, I couldn't. I thought of it during the day and dreamed about it at night. Still the authorities had no information. I studied everything from modern codes to ancient Chinese.

Late one night I had gone to bed. After vainly trying to sleep and tossing restlessly from one side to the other, I got up, determined to master the puzzle. I looked at it for a long time. Then suddenly understanding began to dawn. No number used was higher than 26, very likely corresponding to the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Feverishly I worked. The first number was two—b-l-f—no, that couldn't be right. I resolved to try the next word—4-22-15-15—d-w-o-o. My system was completely wrong. All at once, the idea came of reversing the order. Eagerly I made a small scale working with Z as one and A as twenty-six. 2-12-16—"y-o-u." Yes, that must be it. I hurriedly went on—"w-e-l-l—k-n-o-w."—Yes, I had the key. It all seemed absurdly simple. I hastily continued my absorbing work—"t-h-a-t all my life I have been intensely interested in chemicals, and have spent a great part of my time experimenting with them. For years I have been working on a formula, and recently became convinced that with a little more work I should possess the secret of eternal life. Tonight, I was compiling my formula with the happy assurance of success, when two of my old enemies entered. I instantly realized that I could not objectify my life's work. There was no time for any action. They had me covered—this capsule has the power of endowing one with immortal life. The formula is slightly incomplete and inaccurate, as I had not quite finished it, so there can never be another such compound. As I have missed the opportunity of enjoying my labor, I am giving it to you.

Your sincere friend,

J. S."

I was stunned for a moment. Eternal life! The capsule of immortality! I was motionless, staring fascinatedly. Then quickly I opened the box. Tremblingly, I started to the bath-room. I grasped a glass. In a moment I should be the equal of the gods. Then I saw the white pellet fall into the rushing water. I clutched blindly, furiously—but the loss was irretrievable. I stood, my great expectation shattered, utterly—a mere man, and so to remain until the end of the chapter.

—Maria Evelyn Calvin.

TO A SCHOOL GIRL

(With Apologies to Robert Burns)

Wee, bonnie, cow'rin tim'rous lassie
Oh what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thau need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering brattle!
Thou mightest ken that I maun hear
Thy canty prattle.

Thy wee bit roomie too, is seen
For ye I'm bookin'.
And now I ken t'was nae light dream
That ye were cookin
An' no sma' number o' demerits
For ye I'm lookin'.

That muckle pat o' food, ye Jennie,
Hath cast thee mony a we'el luved penny
Now thou's faund out; and a' the many
Cozie here wi' thee
Maun thole the punishment a plenty
Baith scairt an eerie.

But, Jennie, thou art na' thy lane
In provin' caution may be vain
The best laid schemes o' girls or man
Gang oft a-gley
An' lea 'e us hours of work unforseen
Hard whiled away.

But thou maun pay for a' thy fun,
An' Saturday will slowly run,
Mind! do na let me again come
When ye the rules are braken.
Or home ye'll go,—I'm nae in fun
Without more trouble makin'.

—Gwladys Jones.

"TELL IT TO THE MARINES"

JIM CARLYLE watched his pretty little companion select a pastry, smiling her thanks to the beaming waiter, and turn to pour tea for two. The strains of "Allah's Holiday" filled the room.

"Shall we dance?"

"No-o," hesitated the girl, "—I'm tired." She wasn't really tired, but the thought of her brother as he looked on his last furlough before sailing for France, came between her and the chap across the table. America had been in the war over six months now and Jim had made no move to go. There was a pause, she studied her companion, as he sat, absently toying with his fork staring down at his plate, immaculate, well dressed, Jim, the most popular man in the younger set, captain of the Princeton eleven, '17—she wanted to shake him! Then he looked up with a smile, his eyes dancing with some merry idea, and the girl felt her resentment fading.

"Why so solemn?" leaning nearer to her. "Anne, haven't you had time enough to think about that question I asked for the sixth time up at the Deke Club yesterday afternoon? There is the stunningest ring at Tiffany's—you know the rest—please go with me to look at it for you *do* care don't you, Anne?"

"Yes, Jim, I care, and it's because I care so much that it hurts to see you," she hesitated, taking a deep breath and looking straight into his eyes, she confessed the thing that had been weighing on her mind and that had kept her from saying the yes which would mean happiness to them both. "Well, to be out with it, Jimmie, I hate to see you be a slacker!" She looked away, and could not see Jim's expression of stunned misery. But it was only momentary, then: "But it isn't as if I were doing nothing! Don't Liberty Loans, smoke funds, Belgian and French reliefs count at all?"

So that was Jim's attitude, he was bribing his conscience, while his classmates and fraternity brothers were giving their very lives for——well, that he might take her to tea each afternoon in safety!

"Please, Anne, won't——"

"No, Jim," she cut him short, "Please," as he started to protest, I think we had better be going, you know Kitty's dinner is to-night."

"I'll just wait here," said Anne as they reached the front entrance of the Vanderbilt; Jim dashed down the block to where he had parked his little racer.

"Extry! Big Extry!! U. S. transport sunk off the English coast."

"Boy, here, boy," the small street urchin handed her a paper. "She must know a guy wot's gone to can the Kaiser," was his mental comment, as he noted her agitated distress and the fact that she ignored the proffered change.

Hastily she scanned the list of the missing. "Brother's name was not on it, then it was not his ship!

The little gray Stutz rolled up to the curb. Half dazed, she allowed the man to help her in and tuck the warm cover about her. In silence they made their way to Fifth Avenue, and started out towards Tarrytown. When they reached the Library, they were caught in a traffiic block, and were obliged to stand still for some little time. Jim looked down at the girl beside him, snuggled comfortably down in her grey squirrel coat, with a saucy toque of the same fur on her dark head. The odor of violets stole upon his senses, *his* violets, a daily reminder of his devotion. He saved her eyes until last, but they were averted, but as he followed their gaze, James Montgomery Flagg's poster "Tell it to the Marines," stared him in the face. Then, conscious of his eyes on her, the girl turned her head, their eyes met, and she dropped hers to study the paper open on her lap.

The traffic sign signalled "GO." The little car glided forward, and sped on, the occupants silent as before, Jim ill at ease, and Anne in a deep revery.

Out near Grant's tomb the car swung around.

"Where are you going, Jim? We must hurry, as Kitty asked me to come early."

"I forgot something," was the almost incoherent answer in a voice Anne had never heard before.

Back down the Avenue they sped and then stopped. It wasn't a music shop, nor a florist's, but Anne saw hanging from a window of the second story the banner of the Marine Corps! Was Jim going in there? She opened her mouth to form the question, but he anticipated her.

"Wait for me just a minute, girl, dear, I have something that I particularly want to tell the marines!"

As she waited, Anne wondered, now that he had done the big thing would she be able to hold up her end of it, *could* she give him up?

Soon he was back, enthusiastic, exultant.

"Tiffany's is just a little farther down, won't you come and look at the ring?" then reading the half-hearted protest of a dinner engagement in her eyes, "oh, darn Kitty's!"

"Well, then, yes, Jim,—dear!"

—Dorothy Jean Pettus.

A MIDNIGHT IN WINTER

Through icicled trees the moonlight steals,
Falling on the glistening snow.
The stars bejewel the dome above,
Blinking on the scene below.

In fathomless sleep all is wrapped,
Not a sound save the creaking trees.
The unpatterned carpet o'er the green,
Shifts not with the icy breeze.

In silent grandeur the buildings stand
Unmindful of the biting cold;
Stately and tall challenging all
'Gainst the precious treasure they hold.

A lone dark figure haunts the scene
Wandering spectre like to and fro;
It stops and looks all around,
Then crunches on through the snow.

Ah! 'tis a lovely midnight scene
Glittering in wintry dress.
The moon smiles down "all is well
On the campus at M. B. S!"

—Mary Ella Howard.

LILACS

UST any time'll do, sis, the dance begins at nine tonight, not in the morning."

"Ted just one more minute and I'll be down, mother has to tie the ribbon on my dress and then I'll be ready."

Betty Wadelle was home from boarding school for the first time since Christmas, and it was now the last of June. Ted, her only brother, for the first time in his life, thought his sister "grown-uppish" enough to take to a dance with him. Betty was just eighteen, and young for her age. Ted was twenty-five and had finished his four years at Yale. What a handsome looking escort he made, in white flannels and dark blue coat as he waited at the foot of the stairs for his sister.

"Your minute's up, Betty," called Ted, and just as he did so, the girl came down the stairs, two at a time, looking, in her dainty lavender organdie with pink and blue ribbon around the waist, like some fresh cut flower, a lilac perhaps.

"Guess I'll have to tie a string around you tonight, or I'm sure to lose you," said Ted, admiring his sister from head to toe.

"It *wouldn't* be a bad idea, for then I could keep an eye on you all the evening. I'm sure I'm going to have to," returned Betty, getting into her brother's little white roadster.

"By the way, Sis, did I tell you that Bob gets home tonight? He said he'd be up at the dance if possible."

"Bob Aiken!" exclaimed Betty. "Why, he's been in France for over two years, hasn't he!" And she thought of the time when she was still a little girl with short dresses on and hair down her back, that Bob had told them all good-bye. He and Ted had roomed together their last two years at Yale, and were the best of friends. Bob had been like a brother to Betty, as he spent a great deal of his time at Wadelle's with Ted. He left for France with a company of naval aviators, and Betty was living over again the evening he had told them good-bye. She had been out on the porch swing, reading a book, and Bob had come up behind her and put his hands over her eyes. She had guessed right away who it was, and when he had told her he was leaving for France, her eyes had filled with tears. He had laughed that jolly laugh of his and told her not to cry, for he'd be back soon, but Betty was young and she knew she'd miss him almost as much as she would if it had been Ted. Then, when Ted had driven around the house with the car, to take his friend to the station, Bob had leaned over, and taking both of her little hands in his big ones, kissed her good-bye, saying:

"I'm leaving this kiss with you, Betty, and I'll be back to get it before long.

Keep it for me, and also take care of that brother of yours, for it wouldn't do to have anything happen to him. I'll be back soon, Betty, so don't cry. Good-bye."

And the little girl, trying to smile, had said good-bye, and had stood on the porch with her mother and father and waved good-bye to him, long after the machine had disappeared around a corner.

Betty had an over abundant love for adventure, and was wondering just what Bob would look like and be like after his two years in France. Would he still think she was a little girl, or would he realize that she was quite grown up, or just what would he think?

"Why so quiet, Betty, and what's the smile for? You might let me in on it," implored Ted.

"I was just wondering what Bob's going to look like, and if I'll like him and if he'll like me," replied Betty.

"He'll look as he always did, and of course you'll like each other, you always did," answered Ted.

"Oh, I know, but you see, it's 'sorta' different," Betty returned.

"Why, here we are already, and I'm so excited, doesn't everything look pretty, and isn't the music wonderful," cried Betty all in one breath.

Many attractive Japanese lanterns were hung all over the large porch, where girls in various colored fresh organdies, and men in white flannels were dancing; and Betty could hardly wait to see her old friends and acquaintances again. Just as they had finished speaking to the hostess and a number of older people who had come to watch the dance, the music stopped, and Betty and Ted were surrounded by many happy young faces.

Later in the evening Betty sat out a dance with big, fat Jimmy Travers, and renewed her acquaintance with him by talking about the time he fell through the ice. When they got up to find their partners for the next dance, they noticed a man coming up the steps, and a very familiar voice called out.

"Betty Wadelle and Jimmy Travers, you might give a returned soldier *some* kind of a welcome."

And as she turned around to look into the eyes of one Robert F. Aiken, Betty felt like throwing both arms around his neck, and for a minute the astonished Jimmy thought she was going to, but she merely extended her pretty hands, which Bob clasped eagerly.

"Oh, Bob, but it's good to have you back again!" she cried, trying to read what that look in his eyes meant.

By that time Ted had heard the good news, and came running up to greet his old friend. Their eyes met with a look Betty was sure she'd never forget as they gave each other the fraternity grip.

Ted, who had the next dance with his sister, generously gave it to Bob, who had so much to tell Betty that he suggested that they sit out the dance, whereupon they made for the summer-house. How alluring was the odor of the delicate lilacs overhead and the moon shining through the trees, while the slow strains of "Till We Meet Again" came suggestively to them.

"Betty!"

"Yes, Bob."

"Do you remember what I told you when I left for France?"

"No——why, yes, I guess I do."

"Don't *guess*, be *sure*."

"Well, then, I'm sure."

"What was it?"

"Oh, Bob, don't ask me to tell you."

"Shall I tell you, then?"

"Oh, no, goodness no—I mean, yes."

"Well, then, I believe I said I'd be back to collect that kiss, and as you've had it for over two years, I think I ought to collect interest, too."

Alas! The fat realism of Jimmy Travers interrupted "Romance."

"I say, Betty, isn't this our dance?"

"Oh, yes," was the reluctant reply, and she took the proffered arm with a backward glance at the moonlit lilac bower and Bob, looking up through the lilacs at the moon, wondered, "When?"

—Honora Thorn Wood.

ON!

Once there was a tiny wave
That lived in the great blue sea,
And it danced and rippled the whole day long,
As happy as it could be.

It came with the tide in the early morning,
And it rolled over the golden sands,
Where little children played in the sun,
Making sand-houses with their dimpled hands.

The littlest wave played hide-and-seek
With all the bubbles and shells
And it heard the story of a wise star fish,
Who knows where the sea-king dwells.

But the time soon came for the tide to go
And the littlest wave had to say farewell
To the golden sands, the wise star-fish,
And to the bubbles and little shells.

The little wave was very tired
And soon it fell asleep,
In the sheltering arms of the mother tide,
And was carried far out on the deep.

It missed the bubbles, the star-fish, and shells,
And the sparkling, shining sands,
As it grew to be a great big wave
And rolled on to distant lands.

The shells and the shining sands must remain,
The tide must come and go,
But they will never forget the littlest wave,
That played with them long ago.

—Gladys Palmer.

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

IT WAS SPRINGTIME in the little college town of Meredith. The April rains had washed the bricks of the dormitories clean, and now they shone in the May sunshine. Jackson College looked very bright and cheery this morning, and Tommy Rogers, strolling out on the Fraternity house porch, remarked on it to his very particular friend, Skinny Hill. "'Tis a good ole hole, Skinny, me lad, and as our good friend Tennyson would say,

"'In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast.
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest.
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove.'"

"And he also says, 'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,'" added Skinny slyly, for Tommy was renowned for his hard hearted treatment of the fair sex. "When will your fancy turn, ole boy?"

"Aw, put on your cap and forget about it. Come on, let's seek excitement at the drug store."

"Ain't he just grand?" Betty Lee rolled her brown eyes heavenward and took a long sip of her chocolate soda.

"Well, I should say so," Carol Wood nodded her head so vehemently that a yellow pigtail flew over her shoulder, endangering her ice-cream.

Blue eyes and brown gazed adoringly at Tommy's unconscious back. How good he was to look at with his six feet of well knit young manhood, his sunburned face with its deep blue eyes, its merry mouth, its straight, clear cut nose, and his black hair that grew low on his forehead. To the girls gazing at him he was nothing short of a god.

"Oh, if he would only notice me," sighed Betty.

"Like he would," scoffed Carol. "Tommy Rogers even look at us, in short dresses, with our hair down our backs, when all the old girls in town are just crazy about him."

Betty simply sighed again and continued to gaze at Tommy with all her girlish heart in her eyes.

Tommy finished his drink and went out with a group of fellow students. Betty said nothing for a long time, while Carol finished her ice-cream; then suddenly, with shining eyes, she reached over and caught Carol's hand.

"I've got it," she declared. "I've simply got to meet him. Will you go with me?"

"Aw, where are you going? What are you going to do?" asked the somewhat lazy Carol.

"Listen. I'm going over to the Fraternity house and tell him how much I adore to watch him play football, and maybe he'll fall in love with me and ask

me to be his lady, and then maybe he'll kiss my hand, an'—an' "—she stopped from lack of breath. Carol's eyes brightened; here was excitement, romance, such as one reads of in "Kidnapped at the Altar," "The Crime of Hallowe'en," "He Loved But Was Lured Away," and other elevating novels by Laura Jean Libby.

"All right," she nodded, briskly starting up from the table. "I'll go."

"Wait," commanded Betty. "Do you think for one minute I'm going over to the Chi house with my hair down my back?"

"Well," queried Carol, "what are you going to do?"

"Buy some hair pins from Mr. Johnson and pin my hair up under my hat."

The romancer, given an idea, can always be depended upon to enlarge and embellish it. So now she proceeded to twine her plaits about her head. What matter to that happy-go-lucky fourteen if her hat did sit on the back of her head now? She helped Carol fix hers in the same way, then with a bag of lime drops to cheer them as they went, the two ladies set out on the great adventure.

They walked up Main Street under the cool shade of the trees until they came to the entrance of the college grounds. Betty had held Carol's hand tightly all the way from the drug store and had mumbled to herself. Now she drew a long breath of relief.

"Huh?" said Carol.

"I didn't say anything," replied Betty, still thinking.

"Here's where we turn," giggled Carol. "What are you going to say to him?"

"You leave that to me," was Betty's noncommital answer. "I can't think straight when you talk."

"Well, I think you might tell me something about it," returned Carol sulkily.

Betty was too much absorbed in her castles in Spain to notice her friend's displeasure, and so in silence they reached the Chi House. Betty took a lime drop out of the bag, transferred it to her mouth, gazed meditatively at the open door, and walked up the steps, Carol meekly following.

"Stand by the post," she said in a stage whisper. "I'm gonna ring the bell."

Before her hand reached the bell, Skinny came sauntering down the hallway, and at sight of her, hastened to anticipate her ring.

"Yes, ma'am, what can I do for you, ma'am?" he asked with his most courtly bow.

Betty smiled; if he were not so ugly he might be a prince too. "Is Tommy Rogers here?" she inquired. "I wanted to see him."

"Your highness' wishes are my pleasure," with another low bow.

Turning back to the hall, he called, "Tommy! I say—Tommy! Lady to see you!"

"Huh—what didya' say?" came the reply in the beloved voice.

Betty shivered. It was all so delightful, this being called "your highness" by a big, sure enough man, while a regular story book prince came bounding down the stairs. Tommy Rogers came to the door, and stood there, staring. In all his life he had never seen a girl exactly like this one. She seemed to be all legs—so tall and thin was she—her dress of blue gingham fitted her indifferently well, her black straw hat, set far on the back of her head, showed to perfection the million and one freckles which covered her face. Tommy's eyes took in these defects promptly.

However, in a moment, his native politeness came back to him, and he smiled his nicest.

"Good morning, Miss——?"

"Lee," she supplied, cheerfully. "Oh, you don't know me, but I just had to come and tell you how much I adore to watch you play football."

"Why, Miss Lee—I—I—thank you so much, and—have a—won't you——"

"Hy, Betty," spoke up Carol from the background, so suddenly that Tommy jumped. "Ole Mis' Hightower's looking at us from her window. I guess we better be goin'."

Betty gave her a withering glance. Just when she was about to have a real talk with him, too! But a glance at Miss Hightower's forbidding face, and prudence won.

"I think I'd better go," she said, regretfully, holding out her hand for him to kiss. But the matter of fact Tommy gave it a lively shake, and bolted into the house, very much relieved.

Betty sighed. He was, of course, quite perfect, but something must have been wrong with her, since he had not shown the symptoms which Miss Libby had so fully set forth as those of a man when he falls suddenly in love. Still, she had talked to him.

Slowly they returned home. The telephone had done its deadly work, and a stern-eyed Mrs. Lee awaited Betty. Explanations were of no avail, she had been on the front porch of a fraternity house conversing with a young man!!

Betty spent the rest of the day in bed, thinking of Tommy Rogers, while Tommy laughed with his friends over the "funny kid."

—Rebekah Harman.

THE PATH

Life is but a circling path
That winds in pleasant fields
Laughing flowers around it blow
Shedding fragrance as they grow.

It passes through the sunlit fields,
Valleys, mountains, graves, and hills—
Knowledge given by sun and rain
Testing out by joy and pain.

The Path winds on through woodland still
Hurrying past the thriving mill
Where man by God's abundant gifts
Grinds his grist of ambitious thrift.

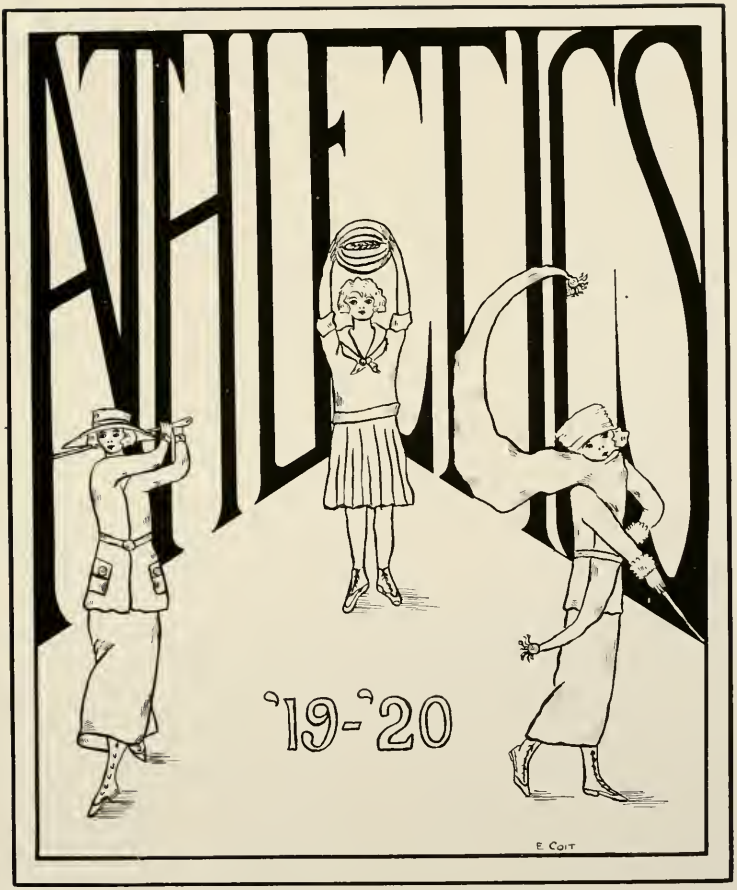
Onward it presses by waters deep,
Grassy nooks that tempt our sleep
And vainly call us from our work,
Persuading soft our duties shirk.

It passes palaces wondrous bright,
That charm the sense and give delight,
But briars cling the path across
And bring to mind the half-gained loss.

So on it leads through deep dark valleys,
Where Death alone holds our follies—
Then bursts into radiant glorious space,
When man and God stand face to face.

And there the hurried journey closes,
And the Father of the Traveler disposes,
That we of our paths give account,
Ere beyond Heaven's gates we mount.

—Gay White Summers.


ATHLETICS
'19-'20
E. COIT

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

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President ..... Mildred Barbour
Vice-President ..... Dorothy Pettus
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Ada Wise
Director ..... Miss Shattuck

Athletic Council

Mildred Barbour Marie Jordan Kathryn Nelson Ada Simpson
Marjorie Cochrum Isabelle McGowan Dorothy Pettus Ada Wise

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Eva Cook
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Imogen Coleman
Elizabeth Coit
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Josephine Covington
Isabel Cullom
Dorothea Dobson
Dorothy Dixon
Elizabeth Dudley
Jean Daugherty

Marguerite Harvey
Miriam Hirstein
Elizabeth Huffman
Elsie Hurd
Ione Hooker
Mary Hevener
Mary Ella Howard
Lib Hugggins
Louise Inman
Jewel Jett
Marie Jordan
Lois Jennings
Leath Jetton
Gwladys Jones
Lillian Kraus
Jessie Keister
Lillian Kershaw

Charlotte Northcraft
Clayborn O'Neal
Virginia Orgill
Virginia Overby
Kate Page
Elsie Palmer
Gladys Palmer
Dorothy Parker
Virginia Paschal
Dorothy Patterson
Nell Patterson
Dorothy Pettus
Asenath Phifer
Katherine Poore
Louise Prugh
Dorothy Pryor
Louise Pryor

Annabel Vreeland
Margaret Vreeland
Louise Venable
Margaret Van Deventer
Louisa Venable
Honora Wood
Margaret Wood
Rosa Wilson
Katherine Watson
Helen Whitacre
Ardis Williams
Mary Bell Washington
Lynn Williams
Grace Williams
Ada Wise
Elizabeth Wright

YELLOW BASKET BALL TEAM

Line-up

Forwards

Mildred Barbour
Lillian Floyd (Capt.)

Guards

Margaret Mellon
Ada Louise Simpson

Centers

Imogene Coleman
Louise Hodges

Substitute

Nannie Hull

WHITE BASKET BALL TEAM

Line-up

Forwards

Elizabeth Coit
Lorena Stephenson

Guards

Asenath Phifer
Dorothy Reid

Centers

Elizabeth Lerch (Capt.)
Elise Bishop

Substitute

Margaret Morgan

PAST
PRESENT
FUTURE

CLASS HISTORY

KNOWING that class histories are usually passed over without being read, may we suggest that perhaps ours will be a little different, so read it just for curiosity! We considered ourselves high and mighty when we were organized into a regular Junior Class, March 4, 1919. Not that we were really any more wonderful than our predecessors, but our importance weighed heavily upon us.

A long time ago, a very tiny girl entered the Primary Department, carrying her first Reader. This little girl was Winifred Eisenberg, who since then has come regularly to Mary Baldwin and is one of our Literary Graduates, as well as our Class President. Katherine Bear, our other Literary Graduate, came here after finishing at the Staunton High School in 1917. She is the Class Treasurer.

Helen Martin, of West Virginia, entering the Seminary in 1918, is the only Piano Graduate who lives in the school, and we admit that she is worked overtime. Iva Baugher and Helen Sellers, also Elizabeth Parker, of Virginia, who have been coming here for several years, are now classed among the Piano Graduates.

Caroline Lane, of Georgia, has the distinction of being our only Violin Graduate. In fact, she is the second girl who has finished in this department in the history of the school.

What decided additions to our class were the six Graduates in Voice. Elizabeth Lerch, our Vice-President, and Ada Wise, both from Pennsylvania, joined us in 1917. The same year Catherine Noell, of Virginia, Ella Barton, of Louisiana, also entered our ranks. Elizabeth Dudley, of West Virginia, and Mary Sue Bowman, of Staunton, began their course in "Voice Culture" in 1918.

Among our Seniors finishing in Organ are Isabelle McGowan, of West Virginia, Mildred Gardiner, of Connecticut, and Mary Highland Bell, of Staunton. Let us add that Helen Martin and Caroline Lane are finishing also in Organ.

We are really very proud of our talent, especially that of the Art Department. Lillian Floyd, of North Carolina, Albert Hull, of Georgia, and Gay Summers, of Virginia. At most any time the artistic temperament of these Seniors shows itself in some unusually clever posters of various kinds.

Now that we have introduced the members, let us chronicle the social life. Directly after our class was organized we chose Miss Latané as our class patron, who has entertained us several times, and the Junior-Senior banquet furnished our first formal entertainment. Using school phraseology, we can attest that "a good time was had by all." We were the guests of honor also of the Alumnæ Association at their banquet held during the Commencement of 1919.

In our Senior year, Elizabeth Lerch entertained us in the Library, at a Christmas party which did honor to the originality of our classmate. We are looking forward also to the promised Junior-Senior banquet, when we shall be "guests of honor." Several other entertainments are being planned for us.

Graduates' Recitals, and they will be many, do not seem so very far away. May, with its final exams, and final in more than one sense of the word, Class Day Exercises, and last, but not least, Commencement Day, are before us.

In closing this sketch of "Who's Who" in the Class of 1920, let us bring to your attention our Post-Graduate, Mary Carpenter, of Virginia.

We hope that you will forgive and forget our faults and have pleasant memories of us as we have of you.

THE SENIOR CLASS WILL

WE, THE SENOIR CLASS of Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Virginia, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all other wills by us at any time made.

We give and bequeath to the Junior Class: Winifred Eisenberg's exactness; Elizabeth Lerch's ability; Caroline Lane's geninus; Katherine Bear's S. M. A. cape; Ella Barton's blushes; Iva Baugher's Cadillac; Mary Highland Bell's smiles; Mary Sue Bowman's picture hats; Elizabeth Dudley's independence; Lillian Floyd's art of dancing; Mildred Gardinor's library, including fiction; Albert Hull's humor; Helen Martin's amiability; Isabelle McGowan's style; Catherine Noell's sweetness; Elizabeth Parker's coiffure; Helen Seller's musical talent; Gay Summers' paint brushes; and Ada Wise's blasé manner.

We appoint Margaret Bell, President of the Junior Class, to be executrix of this our will.

Witness our hand this 22nd day of May, 1920.

THE SENIOR CLASS. (Seal)

The signature of the testators, the Senior Class, was made and acknowledged by them, in presence of us, two competent witnesses present at the same time, and we, the said witnesses, subscribed the said will in the presence of the testators and each other at the request of the said testators this 22nd day of May, 1920.

Witnesses:

FANNIE STRAUSS,
EDITH LATANE.

—ISABELLE MCGOWAN.

CLASS PROPHECY

OOK deep into my crystal heart, and all knowledge, to you, it will impart." These were the magic words that accompanied the crystal sent to me by an old magician, whom I met when I was in India. Not believing in that sort of thing, I put the potent glass away, without testing it.

One day I was thinking about my old classmates of 1920, wondering what they were doing, so bringing the crystal out I decided to ask its assistance. Looking into its depths, I repeated the words given me. Soon I could faintly make out moving figures and gradually as they became clearer, I beheld a beautiful auditorium and a mass of jolly college girls quieted now for that wonderful time of every year, "Commencement." I saw the President on the rostrum and the graduates behind. When he spoke a name, a dark-haired girl came forward. There was something strangely familiar in that girlish form. Then I heard the words,—"I have the very great honor of presenting a diploma to Miss Winifred Eisenberg. She has received a golden report for all four years and graduates now with highest honors." Fascinated, I gazed upon her, and slowly the vision faded. This filled me with pleasant sensations, for I knew that Winifred was happy.

I gazed again into the globe, and this time I saw a football field thronged with people, and there among them I noticed a dainty figure, in a tailored suit, with a huge bunch of chrysanthemums. Seated around her were ten or twelve men, all fascinated by her smile. I looked closer, and who do you suppose it was? "Kitty" Bear, of course—the most popular girl at the Yale-Harvard game.

Then the vision changed. I saw a dimly lighted cathedral, thousands of people were seated listening in breathless silence to the melodious tones coming from the organ. As I looked I recognized the organist to be Helen Martin.

The scene slowly shifted, revealing a big ocean liner bound for the Continent. Standing at one side of the deck, I recognized the figure of Helen Sellers and that of a small boy, the speaking image of his mother, "Mamma, are we going to see everything?" he lisped.

"Yes dear, we shall see it all." I wanted to hear more of what they would do, but it faded all to quickly.

"One, two; one, two; left, right; left, right"; I heard this voice before I could see the speaker. Elizabeth Parker, in middy blouse and bloomers, standing in front of her gymnasium class of little girls, mechanically waving her dumbbells through the air.

A ballroom scene now came to life in the crystal. Handsomely dressed guests strolled around a lovely home, artistically decorated for the dance. At one side

near the door and greeting the guests as they entered, in a gown of shimmering sequins, stood a figure which I recognized at once as "Mil" Gardinor, grown into a beautiful woman. It was easy to divine that the tall good-looking man standing by her side was her husband. "Mil" made an ideal hostess, and certainly they looked sublimely happy.

The scene faded, giving place to a beautifully furnished living-room, very inviting with its glowing fire and softly shaded lights. In a deep arm chair by the fire sat Catherine Noell, with quiet hands and a faraway look in her eyes. She fairly radiated happiness and contentment and the firelight caught the gleam of the magnificent diamond on her left hand. From time to time she glanced impatiently at the door, and I need not tell you why.

In the next scene I beheld a narrow, dirty street in New York. Tall tenement houses loomed up on both sides, shutting out the sunlight. Over on one side I saw a group of little slum children clapping their hands. In their midst was a young woman, who was telling them a story. I recognized Mary Sue Bowman, who had become one of the most efficient slum-workers in New York.

I looked again to behold "Little" Dudley in the happiest moment of her life, just as the notes of the "Bridal Chorus" sounded from the big organ, played by Mary Highland Bell, a gifted organist; Elizabeth came down the aisle a dainty figure in flowing white, but I didn't recognize the man. The scene shifted all too quickly.

And this time I saw Gay Summers, the most popular novelist of her day, the center of an admiring group at a reception given in her honor.

I gazed again into the globe and saw a vast audience held spellbound as the last notes of "Rigoletto" died away. I recognized the singer as no other than Elizabeth Lerch making her début in grand opera. She carried a huge armful of American Beauty Roses, and as she bowed I noticed hanging around her neck the vocal medal that she had won at Mary Baldwin.

The scene slowly changed to a cozy sitting room, and there sat Ella Barton and her husband, listening to a Victrola. He got up to change the record.

"Sam, please put on Ada Wise's new record, you know, the one we got yesterday down town."

I looked again. The crystal seemed to spin and whirl, and out of the mist danced a dainty figure in a fluffy ballet skirt. She glided gracefully to the rhythm of the music, and as she tossed her head, I recognized Isabelle McGowan. She had become a famous toe-dancer. At last our "Izzie" was busy.

The next scene represented Robert E. Lee Hall at Blue Ridge, N. C. Seated at one end of the long porch was Caroline Lane. She had married a minister of one of the leading churches of the South, and was attending a conference with him at Blue Ridge.

As the scene faded away, a big car came into view, and I saw that the fair

driver was no other than Iva Baugher; by her side was seated a good-looking man. A few moments investigation showed that he once had been the "Boy" who had been her attendant when we were Seniors together.

The magic glass discloses an artist's studio in the center of which stood Albert Hull painting. "I always knew Albert would become famous," I said to myself. Glancing around the studio, I saw various cameras, all sizes and numbers of kodak pictures, nearly all of which being of a certain young man, told their own story. Albert was the same old girl, and I laughed alound as she said, "Aw Heck, I can't get the color right!"

I looked again and this time I saw a young girl—who could it be—I recognized myself, and oh! goodness me'! What did become of me??

—Lillian Floyd.

CLASS POEM

Each part of the engine is finished,
After months of tedious toil,
And now it's united together,
And made sound for leaving the soil.

This much of the airplane completed
It is ready at last for the wings,
And now can be put on the varnish
To protect it from what the air brings.

No one but mechanics can touch them,
For the tiniest tear of all
Would mean that the work was now useless,
And the plane would surely fall.

And so with the rest, this plane can start
On its flight through the obscure air,
The motors are started—fans are set—
You can't stop them now—if you dare.

They run on the ground, then slowly rise,
And the crowds gathered watch them go—
They circle about—then loop the loop—
Will the outcome be joy, or woe?

But wait—think of us as the flyers,
And as eager to start, as they,
Our flight, that will carry us almost
To the stars in the milky way.

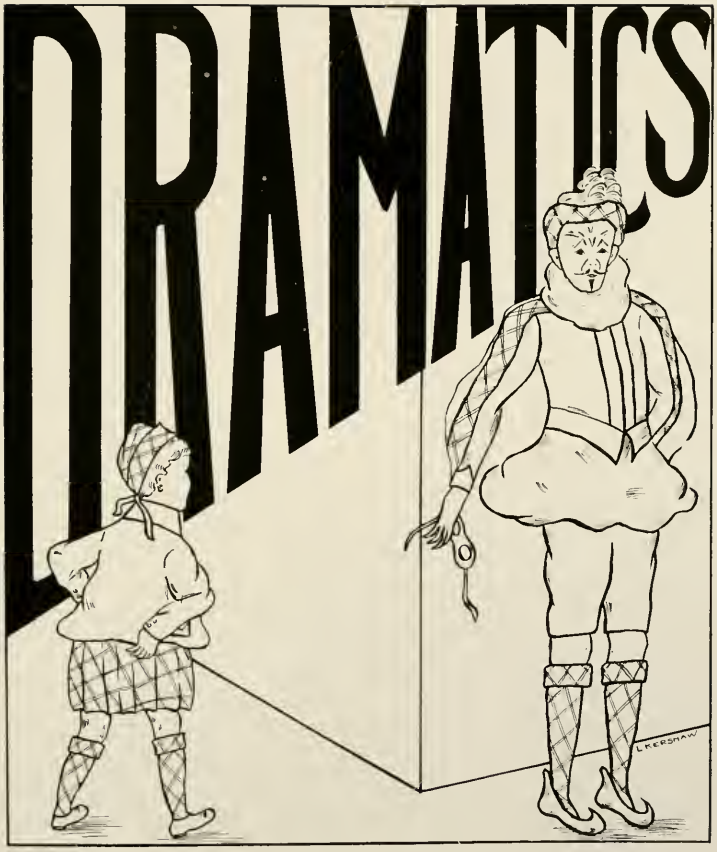
Our strict training here is the engine,
And the wings our teachers' advice,
Our true friendships here form the varnish,
And these should our needs suffice.

And some will go to the limit,
Their machines will fly straight and true,
While some will fail in their journey
And fall from the heavenly blue.

We must wing our flight and it all depends
With what skill we guide each plane
Through the under-current of ill-bent winds,
If the end be loss or gain.

And none save the Great Mechanic
Can foretell what our end will be.
We trust that He'll guide us safely
Through the gates of eternity.

—Elizabeth Lerch.


DRAMATICS

A play at M. B. S. was given,
The very bestest kind,
And oh! but it was surely great,
'Twas called "Mammy O'Mine."

It happened on Thanksgiving night,
Its equal you could search
The author of it all, you see,
Was our Elizabeth Lerch.

The lovely daughter of the South,
The heroine of the play,
"Mil Barbour, that you won our hearts
There is no need to say."

And Elizabeth Lerch as leading man
There could have been no better,
She played the part with so much pep
We all knew he would get "her."

The father of this Southern maid
Was Nannie Hull so fine
And Freda Rensford took the part
Of dear old "Mammy O' Mine."

Then old black Mammy with her kids
The younger brother, too,
Who had such charm and careless way
We lost our hearts anew.

The dancers all so gay they saw
The charming girls also
The models and the different ones
That added to the show.

I'd like to tell of everyone
Who helped to give the play
But I'm afraid that it would take
Forever and a day.

So I will mention in a word
The villian and the "vamp,"
The madame of the swell French shop
To tell of more I can't.

So just remember what I say
That at no other time
Was any play yea half so good
As was "Mammy O' Mine."

—Elizabeth Coit.

Act I

Act II

Act III

Act IV

Solo Dancers

Chorus

Entire Cast

FRENCH PLAY, APRIL, 1918

MAY DAY EXERCISES. 1918

Grand Finale

Dances

SENIOR DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS OF 1918

This War Year class worked on Food Conservation as urged by the Government, "Meatless," "Wheatless," "Sugarless" menus were served. One dinner given Miss Higgins and Trustees, entirely "meatless, wheatless, and sugarless," proved artistic and satisfactory.

War breads received special attention. Samples, sent to Mr. Hoover, led to a request from the Food Administration for the recipes and an invitation to wear the official uniform with insignia sent from Washington.

Liberty Loan Parade

CALENDAR

M. B. S. CALENDAR

1919

September 11—School opened.
September 20—Y. W. C. A. Progressive Party.
September 27—Dance given by several "Old Girls."
Membership Campaign of Y. W. C. A.
September 28—Y. W. C. A. Recognition Service. Rats!!!
October 2—Party given for the Senior Class by Miss Latané.
October 4—"Old Girls" picnic at Highland Park.
October 4—*Initiation!!*
October 11—Picnic for Committee members given by Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Jewish Relief Fund raised.
October 18—New Girls' Dance.
November 7—Movies—"A Widow by Proxy."
November 7—Faculty Recital given by Misses Crawford, Gunnison, Philips, and Schoolar.
November 8—Y. W. C. A. Japanese Tea.
November 8—Junior Literary Society public meeting. Red Cross Campaign.
November 15—Voice Graduates entertained by Mary Sue Bowman.
November 15—Hike of Cross Country Club.
November 15—Art Club Dance.
Movies—"Why Smith Left Home."
November 21—Cotillion Club Dance.
November 22—Y. W. C. A. Thanksgiving service.
November 26—Thanksgiving Day.
November 26—Play—"Mammy O'Mine."
November 29—Athletic Association party.
December 1—First edition of *Miscellany.*
December 1—Match Game—Won by Yellow Team—Score: 13-9.
December 3—Movies—"Daddy Long Legs."
December 6—Dinner party given by Asenath Phifer.
December 6—Art Club's Kid's party.
December 12—Recital by pupils of Prof. Eisenberg.
December 14—White Xmas. Y. W. C. A. service.
December 15—Movies—"Mary Regan."
December 16—Xmas. Vacation began.

1920

January 3—Xmas. Vacation ended.
January 17—Dinner party given for Honora Wood.
January 20—Movies—"The Shepherd of the Hills."
January 22—Mid-years.
January 31—Country Fair, given by Y. W. C. A.
February 7—Cotillion Club Dance.
February 15—Teams entertained by Louise Hodges.
February 15—Art Club Supper Dance.
February 21—Athletic Association party.
February 27—Recital by pupils of Prof. Schmidt.
February 28—Bluestocking Tea.
February 29—Open Forum—Y. W. C. A. Service. Second edition of *The Miscellany*.
March 5—University of Virginia Glee Club.
March 6—Y. W. C. A. Tea.
March 12—Graduates' organ recital, pupils of Prof. Schmidt.
March 13—Art Club Tea.
March 20—Cotillion Club Dance.
March 26—Junior-Senior Banquet.
March 27—Athletic Association Circus.
March 28—Installation service of Y. W. C. A.
April 9—Recital given by pupils of Misses Gunnison and Philips.
April 10—Gymnastic Demonstration.
April 16—Recital given by pupils of Miss Schoolar.
April 17—History Club Debate.
April 23—Recital given by pupils of Misses Crawford and Philips.
April 30—Organ Recital given by graduate of Prof. Eisenberg, and pupils of Miss Schoolar.
May 1—Field Day.
May 14—Recital given by graduates of Miss Schoolar and Prof. Schmidt.
May 15—Finals.
May 20—Recital given by graduates of Miss Schoolar and Prof. Eisenberg.
May 21—Alumnæ Association Meeting.
May 21—Art Reception.
May 22—Class Day Exercises.
May 22—Play—"Robin Hood."
May 24—Recital given by graduates of Miss Schoolar and Prof. Schmidt.
May 25—Commencement Day.

STATISTICS

Wittiest

Best Student

Biggest Talker

Most Attractive

Most Dependable

Sweetest

Most Sincere

Most Talented

Most Stylish

STATISTICS

CUTEST

MOST ATHLETIC

HANDSOMEST

PRETTIEST

BEST DANCERS

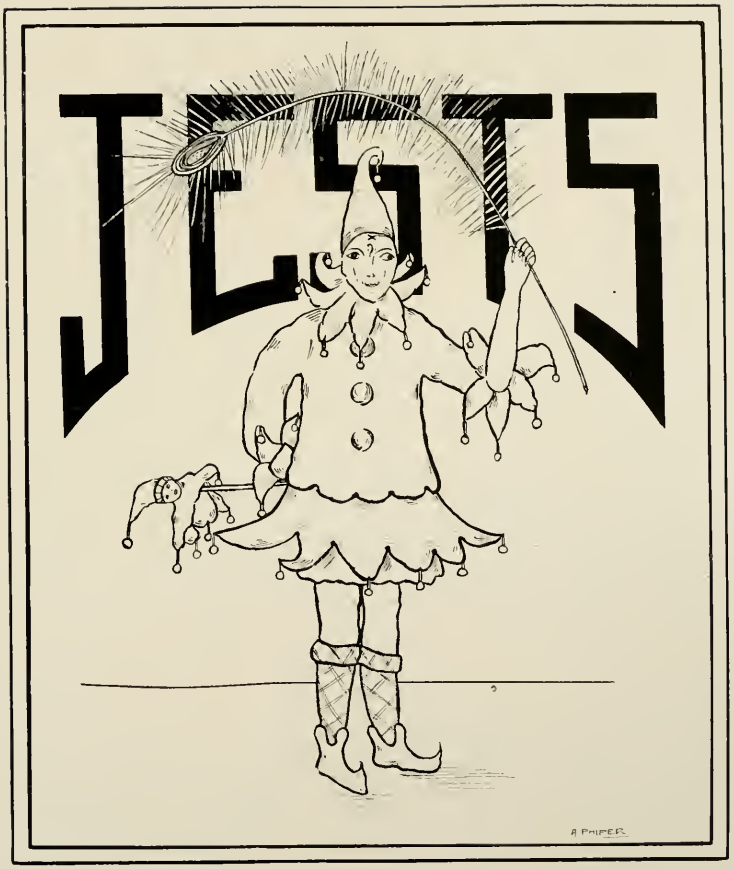
MOST POPULAR

BEST ALL ROUND

NEATEST

BEST NATURED

AS THEY MIGHT WISH TO BE


JESTS
A PHIFER

?

Once on a time I dreamed a dream
It was strange, I must confess,
And I saw that things are not what they seem,
Even at M. B. S.

I heard a sound of voices I had never heard before,
And the words those voices uttered made me wonder more and more.
Memorial, so stiff and straight, was standing in the rear,
While McClung was dancing round her, saying, Come on down, my dear!

Don't be standing on your dignity and privileges fine,
Since they give you no Victrola, come on down and dance to mine.
Don't be prissy and pretending that your goodness is sublime,
When you know you use my powder and my hair brush all the time!"

Then I heard young Hill Top piping,
"O, she makes me ill, you know,
For she always stands there posing,
And she's only made for show.

And down the path came Hill Top,
Seizing old Gym by the arm,
And they passed beyond my vision,
Shouting, "We are for the farm!"

—B. E. S.

M. B. S. MORNING CALL

VOL. I STAUNTON, VIRGINIA No. 1

FIRE ALARM AT MIDNIGHT SENDS MANY OUT TO SHIVER IN THE CHILL AIR

Great Loss of Sleep

The inhabitants of Memorial Hall were aroused from peaceful dreams of happy study hours spent with Mademoiselle by the shrill, clanging of the fire alarm.

With exception of Captain Barbour, who slumbered calmly on, the startled girls jumped from their beds and carefully pinned middy ties or towels around long cherished waves, as a protection from the damp night air. Leaving bedroom slippers in the proper place and kimonas draped gracefuly over chairs, they grabbed water pitchers, inkstands, and nail-files, and rushed orderly out of the burning building.

While awaiting the arrival of their Captain, they huddled franticaly together in an unsucessful effort to keep warm.

Finally, it dawned upon one that, no doubt, at that moment, the Captain lay suffocating in flames. Then one heroic girl volunteered to go back and save the life of Captain Barbour.

Having kissed all her companions goodbye, she tied a towel, dampened with dew, over her mouth to keep out the blinding smoke, and departed.

Upon entering Memorial, she was sure she felt the intense heat from a bright flame which crept up the wall, but closer observation proved it to be a valiant teacher, clad in a sose-colored bathrobe, scaling the wall in an effort to stop the broken fire alarm with a stocking. Nevertheless inestimable damage was done to curly hair.

—o—

Pussy's Piteous Plight

Playful Polly,, the pretty, petted pussy, paraded and purred on the perilous precipice of McClung. Pres de perched on a peculiar prong of a poplar, a perfectly preponderous prune poked poor pussy's petal parts with a perpendicular pole.

Pretty pussy's palpitating pulse proclaimed her in a perishing predicament.

Prugh and Pascal, prompted by pity, provided a piece of palatable peach pie provoking pugnacious pussy to push the paltry piece of pastry peremptorily past the picturesque pinnacle, pertinaciously preferring pnurious penitence to proffered peace proposals.

Playful Polly, the pretty, petted pussy, who paraded and purred on the perilous precipice of McClung, perished peacfully with pangs and paroxysms of pain.

—o—

"THE FATE OF THE BISHOP"

(By Our Venerable Friend, Louie)

The Wise Bishop Rankin sat down to Reid about the Builder of the new Hall. He Hurd the Robbins and the Martin singing among the Twiggs and he decided he Wood take a walk Pryor to his visit to the Barron. On his way he met a Poore Gardinor sitting under a Bush on the Hill. The Gardinor was much in need of a Barbour but he was very good and offered some Honey dew Mellen to the Lishop. This the Bishop refused and returned to interview his Cook and his Stewart. He said that on the Morrow he Wood Love a Little "Pokey" roll. Having a Payne he decided to postpone his visit. He Rose and Tripp(ed) Wright on the Hull of a Peanut and was left in the Lerch.

—o—

Great Panic in Room in Memorial over a Fox-tail emerging from under the dresser.

Mary had a little lamb
Likewise a hot-dog too,
Are you surprised a nightmare came,
Before the morning dew?

Each day at nine and halfpast three,
There comes the mail, but not for me.

The Downfall

There was a little lamp-post
Standing staunch upon the hill.
It stood there white and up-right;
Then—one day it got a spill.

The reason for the up-set
Was a brawny damsel tall
Who, in the dash for breakfast,
Caused the memorable downfall.

She clutched the little lamp-post
As one grasps a single hope!
The lamp-post shook and tottered,
And went rolling down the slope.

And now we try to keep her
From the steeples of the church,
Lest they, too, begin to totter,
To tremble, and to lurch (Lerch)!

—Mazie Hall.

———o———

Some Recent Publications

The Great Desire—To go to Hogshead's.

The Circular Staircase—The Tower.

Daily Strength for Daily Needs—Miss Mellwaine.

The City of Comrades—Charlotte, N. C.

The Golden Treasure—Mr. King's Safe.

Up in Mabel's Room—Sulou and Katherine.

Daddy Long Legs—Elizabeth Lerch.

Dear Enemy—S. M. A.

The Day's Work—From nine o'clock till two.

The Crisis—Final Examinations.

The Deliverance—The bell at the end of French Period.

A Pair of Blue Eyes—Elizabeth Nelson.

Chance—Cutting Chapel.

A Far Country—Home.

The Long Roll—Tuesday night for supper.

The Seats of the Mighty—The Faculty table.

The Well-Beloved—E. Lerch by "Becky."

Just David—By Leath Jetton.

Ladies in Waiting—All of us.

The Goose Girl—Dorothea Dobson.

—M. H.

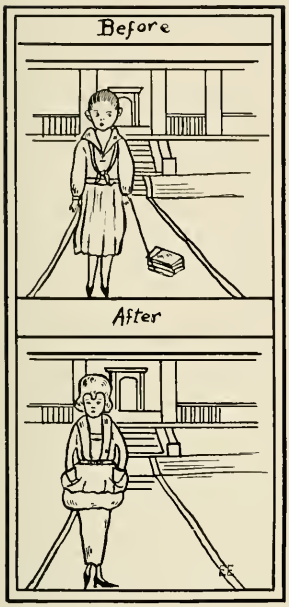
A MUSICAL TRAGEDY

Who was she?
"Mary."
What was she?
"The Vamp.."
Who was he?
"Jerry."
What were they?
"Sweethearts."
What did he call her?
"My Little Girl."
What was she beside a vamp?
"X' Everything."
What did she call him?
"Boy of Mine."
What did she often think?
"A Good Man Is Hard to Find."
Where did they go to dance?
"Strutters Ball."
What did she say to him?
"Take me to That Land of Jazz."
What did they go in?
"Taxi."
When they were angry what did she say to him?
"I ain't Gonna Give you none of My Jelly Roll."
When they made up and she was dancing with him what did he think?
"My Baby's Arms."
What would he say?
"It's never too Late to be Sorry."
What did he tell her she was?
"Some Pretty Doll."
Where did they often sit?
"Underneath The Stars."
What was heard in the stillness of the night?
"Kisses."
Where did they go canoeing?
"Beautiful Ohio."
When he proposed what did she say?
"Love Here is My Heart."
What did he say?
"Kiss me Again."
What did she say?
"Give me all of you Dear."
Where were they married?
"The Little Brown Church in the Wildwood."
What time of year?
"Tulip Time."
What kind of a day was it?
"A Perfect Day."
Who was best man?
"Oh! Johnny, Oh!"
Who was bride's maid?
"Geraldine."
Where did they go on their honeymoon?
"Hindustand."
Where did they make their home?
"Dixie Land."
Who was the butler?
"Old Black Joe."
Who was the maid?
"Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose."
How many children did they have?
"One-Two-Three-Four."
Who was their nurse?
"Mammy O'Mine."
What was the last song they sang together?
"Silver Threads Among the Gold."
What happened to Jerry to end their happiness?
"Oh! Death where is thy Sting?"
When she was sad and lonely what did she say?
"Nobody Knows and Nobody Seems to Care."
What did her children say to her?
"Give me the Sunshine of Your Smile."
What would she say?
"I'm Forever Chasing Rainbows."
When she was taken sick, what did she say?
"I don't want to get well."
Why was she ready to die? And what did she keep saying?
"I've Lost You so Why Should I Care?"
When her children gathered around her bed, what did they think of?
"In the Sweet By and By."
What were her last words?
"Farewell to Thee."

"DOT" JOHNSON.

———o———

Transformation



Ode to Exams.

Before

Oh, Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

After

The Lord of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot.

Physical Culture Hints

Miss S.—"Open the window and throw your chest out."

E. M.—"I wrote to a specialist the other day to know what to do about my surplus fat."
G. M.—"What did he say?"
E. M.—"Told me to sell it to the soap man."

M.M.—"Bill has grown a mustache, and he looks so queer."
A. H.—"They tickle me."

M. H.—"Doctor, shall I be able to sing after my tonsils are removed?"
Doctor—"Certainly you will."
M. H.—"That's great! I never could before."

A Little Bit of Humor

Nannie Hull in Y. W.—"I am sure we all enjoyed hearing Dr. Fraser talk so much.

M. J.—"Do you take French?"
E. M.—"No, I've started twice, and got as far as Christmas and quit."

Miss W.—"Girls, its after ten."
E. M.—"All right, Miss Williamson."
Miss W.—"No, its not all right either. Come to me tomorrow at twelve."

M. A.—"Do I have to go walking if I have an excuse?"
P.—"What is it for?"
M. A.—"Walking."

M. B. S. Girl—"Why are our minds clearer than yours?"
S. M. A. Cadet—"Because you change them so often."

Miss L.—"How old would a person be who was born in 1888?"
C. C.—"Is it a man or woman?"

M. G.—"Maggie, what does Katherine's foot remind you of?"
M. W.—"Oh, a Robbin's foot."

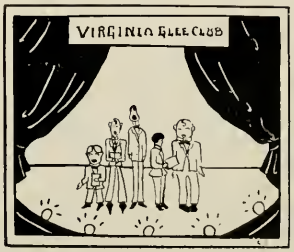
Well Laugh

A. A.—"How did you like the stage hangings of that Shakespearean play?"
G. M.—"There weren't any hangings; he killed them with a sword."

Miss Hulbert—"What is a plumb line?"
M. Bacon.—"A line that goes plumb across."

Joke Editor—"Please tell me a good joke for the annual."
Bud Jordan—"What do you think I am, 'a witty staircase?'"
Joke Editor—"Certainly not—'a staircase wit.'"

Miss S.—"Why arent you taking gym?"
E. T.—"Well, I took last year, and the teacher didn't have us do anything but shake our fingers, so this year I decided to stay up in my own room and shake my fingers."



Leaving M. B. S.

(Apologies to Tennyson.)

Soirees and final exams.
And a certificate for me;
A crowd of girls and waving hands
When I pull out, maybe.

For such a time anticipated long,
And dreamed of, now is come.
When we, who came from, O, so far away
Turn again home!

Commencement and last farewells,
And after that the train,
And may there be no harshly-clanging bells
For us, again.

And though our paths through life may take us far
We'll still possess
The mem-ries which no distance can debar,
Of M. B. S.

—MAZIE HALL.

Originalty

They were siting out a dance at the Oriental Garden.

"There's one thing I can't understand—why the girls nowadays are not more original?"

"Yes, it slays me."

"They are just the same thing over and over again, saying the same things, using the same little pet phrases."

"N'everythng."

"And they try to do evevrything for show."

"How'd they get that way?"

"Look at that couple over there—what extreme steps they are doing!"

"Where'd they get that stuff?"

"They're playing Dardenellas—let's dance."

"Just as you say."

As they glided around among the couples, he looked down at her.

"What are you thinking of?"

"I'll never tell you."

(On the way home). "I had a wonderful time tonight."

"Me and you, both."

They sit in the swing and talk awhile before parting.

"Isn't this moonlight marvelous?"

"It's a great life if you don't weaken."

PEANUT.

VITAL STATISTICS

BIRTHS

February 15—Monte Carlo, Jr.

OBITUARY NOTICES

DEATHS

February 16—Monte Carlo, Jr.

M. B. S. MORNING CALL

Published every May if the staff holds out.

Editor-in-Chief ..... Ima Bell
Assistant Editor ..... D. Rowsy
Office Boy ..... R. U. Sleepy

Mary Baldwin Seminary—1920

MORNING CALLS

Morning calls are delightful—well, just wait a minute, it depends upon the kind of morning call you mean.

If you are speaking of the kind when, after sleeping comfortably til ten-thirty, you don a fluffy, blue organdy and your most becoming hat, order the car, run around to see Babe, or Bess, as the case may be, and spend the remainder of the morning gossiping over the night before, then I agree, a morning call is glorious.

But there is another kind of morning call, or rather, several more. They make you want to—well, I'll explain.

At six-forty-five comes the first one, in the shape of a disagreeable, shrill bell. You start and grab the bed clothes in spite of the fact that you've heard it every morning for a year, perhaps three.

By the time you've turned over and settled down for a little nap, there comes a loud rapping at your door, Jane enters with explosive comments upon the weather, and closes the window.

You attempt another nap, but it is of no avail, for again Jane's voice is heard in the hall, "Time to get up, sweethearts, seven fifteen, seven o'clock and fiteen minutes!

This melodious sound is soon forgotten and you are once more in dreamland

Can that be the warning bell?

Only five minutes in which to get ready for breakfast, and spats to be buttoned, ye gods!!

Several minutes after the last bell has rung, a grand rush ensues, especially from McClung, and these late comers often do great damage, such as stepping on the grass and knocking over lamp posts.

Drama in Two Acts and A Climax

Cast of Characters

First Lamp Post.

Second Lamp Post.

Brawny Black-Haired Amazon.

Act I.

(Chill dawn of January day, red sun beginning to peep over edge of mountains; bell rings; shortly, another bell rings. Crowds of girls stream between lamp posts on way to breakfast.)

First L. P.—"Did you sleep well last night?"

Second L. P.—"No, I had a bad dream, a sort of premonition of coming evil."

First L. P.—"Did you? I thought you looked light-headed."

Second L. P. (with sigh)—"Yes, I'm afraid 'tis true."

(Sees the B. B. H. A. racing down hill in effort to reach dining room before doors close.)

Act II.

(The B. B. H. A slips on walk, and in effort to save self from falling, clutches Second L. P. with powerful arms. Shivers run through Second L. P. which trembles on base and rolls headlong down hill. The B. B. H. A. stares wildly.)

First L. P. (in anguish)—"Help! help! my twin has been thrown down, and oh! his head is broken to pieces"

Get The Point

Betty L.—"Isn't 'Goat' a nut?"
"Dot" Dixon—"No, she's a Hull."

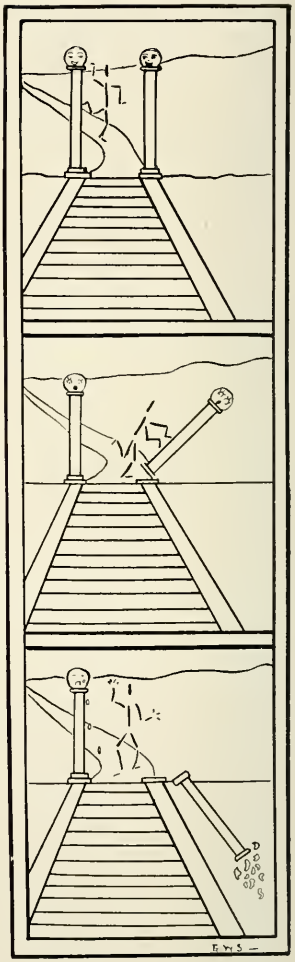
There was a pause—Silence reigned, and they all got wet.

A curling iron, a cunning girl.
A powder box, a pretty girl.
A little rain, away it goes.
A homely girl with a freckled nose.

Miss M.—"Dorothea, name ten animals in the Artic Zone."
D. D.—Five polar bears and five seals."

E. D.—"I'm going to the library to study."
"Bud" Jordan—"Oh, stay up here.
E. D.—"Well, havve you Tam O'Shanter?"
"Bud"—"Sure, a green knitted one."

Miss M.—"Give the principal parts of the verb 'will.'"
L. S. (gazing absent-mindedly out of window)—"Will, Willie, William."



If Virginia Marchant were broke, would she cash the checks in her suit?"

If Betty Little ate a Hull, would it give her a Payne?

STRAY WIT

Why is "i" the luckiest of all the vowels?

Because it is in bliss while "e" is in hell, and all the rest are in pergatory.

Want Advertisements

WANT ADS

WANTED—by Leath Jetton and Isabelle Roseborough, a sure method of reducing.

WANTED—by "all of us," a date.

WANTED—some flowers for Miss Sherman's desk.

WANTED—by S. M. A., Orchestra to play for a dance at M. B. S.

WANTED—by H. Adams, to grow tall.

FOR SALE

After April 1st, one good hat and one black suit, slightly damaged, but otherwise in good condition—Apply to Ada Wise.

LOST

LOST—by Jean Daugherty, her equilibrium. Finder please return same immediately for she is very much "cut up" over her loss.

LOST—By Fuzzie Morse, a plaid bow.

LOST—by the Infirmary, a gross of Asperin tablets and a quart bottle of Iodine.

LOST—by the gas-jets, a great deal of their contents. Any one who has nothing to do, may go to chapel in search of same.

LOST—April 1st, by Miss Myers, her job (ankle inspecting).

LOST—by Ardys Williams, a pair dirty white spats.

LOST—by the Joke Editor, her "stray wits."

LOST—by Libb Huggins, a book. Finder please return same to her bedroom.

LOST—by Gladys Bush, her Great Desire. (If she will be kind enough to make "her great desire" known, I am sure many will go in search of it.

FOUND

FOUND—by "Lonie" and "Gin," a way to make money.

FOUND—by Miss W., a girl with rolled stocking—(Poor girl!).

FOUND—by the Seminary, a wonderful leader in Lerch.

FOUND—many a thing we did not know.

Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here!

"You'd be surprised," but one morning, in chapel, this joyous refrain rang out under the able direction of Miss Schooler.

Come Let's Laugh a Little

Mr. King—"Did you knock the lamp-post over? "

Sliz.—"Yes, sir."

Mr. K.—"Well, be careful how you lean against the walls of the buildings around here."

C. N.—"Let's go weigh after dinner."

M. H.—"Where are you going?"

Even though Booze has gone, we still have 'Gin.'"

Prof. E.—"Why is it I have not seen you in harmony?"

W. B.—"I have not been here."

You've asked for a joke for the annual.
I hardly know how to begin.
For there's nothing original in me,
Except original sin!

D. P.

Miss S.—"What is the knocking at the end of the murder scene in Macbeth?"

M. H.—"That was Duncan kicking the bucket."

M. B. S. Girl—"On what grounds does your principle object to my calling on you?"

S. M. A. Cadet—"On any grounds within miles of the school."

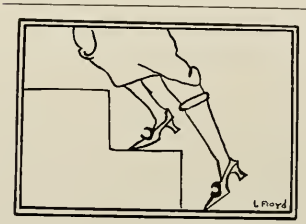
Prof. E—'Has Elizabeth Lerch gone off on a concert tour?"

"Little Dudley"—"No, she has gone off for the week end."

M. R.—"You know, I thought it was awfully queer that they gave us so much salad tonight, until I tasted it, then I knew."

P. McC—"Please tell me how the Beverley Hotel burned."

Miss E.—"By fire."



You've heard of how the bonnie Scotch
Their knees always did show
Also the girls of M. B. S.
Miss Williamson should know!!

OVERBY & VENERABLE
Beauty Specialists

If We Really Said What We Thought

(1) After a strenuous game of basket-ball) "Gee! I wish basket-ball season were over."

(2) (After a forty-five-minute lecture) "Miss Latane, what are you talking about?"

(3) (A date with your room-mate) "Goodness! I've got to see more of that old girl."

(4) (She appears with hair arranged in a freakish manner) "Gosh, you look awful with your hair that way."

(5) 'I've been bored to death, I'm surely glad its time to go home."

(6) "Law! but you are a dead weight to push around the dance floor. I'll never break you again."

(7) "I wish that pup would get away from my feet."

—L. F.

Being Mere Humans, We Say

(1) "That was a good game, Miss Shattuck."

(2) Ye doze and ye hope for ye olde bell.

(3) "I'm so excited, I have a date with my room-mate tonight."

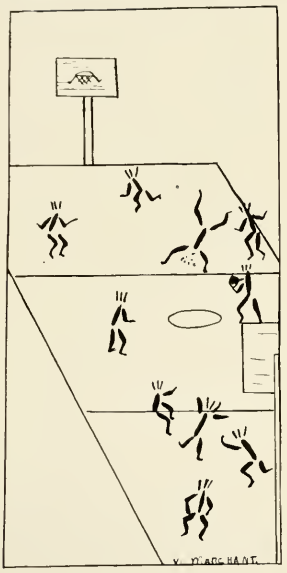
(4) "Your hair looks darling that way."

(5) "I've had a lovely time, dear, come to see me real soon."

(6) "I love to dance with you." (Then the hoped-for break comes) "I certainly did enjoy it."

(7) "Miss Morse, Fuzzy is the cutest dog I've ever seen."

—L. F.



By This, Ye Shall Know Them

Don't let Fussy get out the window!

Don't write on Mr. King's seat and raise the window a pane.

Pretend!

This is subtle humor, Pardon me, Miss Bell.

How many bars of chocolate do you want today?

Oh! that wretched bell!!

Now, girls, if you think this is the place to come to talk, etc.

Changez la place, mes belles!

Wait a minute—listen!

Girls, you infer, etc .

Please put it in your own words!

Young ladies, I am greatly mortified, etc.

Well, I think you read that very well indeed, but don't you think this way, etc.

Well!! But!! Why!! Just come to me at twelve!

You little rascal!

Tut-tut, poor resolution!

—"SIS" DAVIS.

FACULTY GYMNASTICS

Class No. I.

Position 1. Glasses pressed firmly to nose with the thumb, and forefinger.
Position 2. Hair rearranged by backward sweep of hands.
Position 3. Hands placed firmly on hips.
Position 4. Downward stroke of hands.

Class No. II.

Position 1. Re-arrange glasses with thumb and forefinger.
Position 2. Massage cheek (preferably the right one) with three fingers of either hand.
Position 3. Massage neck (either side or both) with same three fingers if possible.
Position 4. Finger exercise—
Directions—Point index finger outward, move same finger in up and down ward motion, cause arm to be moved from side to side, iounting one, two, three, four during entire exerrise.

Class No. III.

Position 1. Bring hands in such a position to be parallel to body.
Position 2. Grasp sides of coat firmly in hands.
Position 3. Keep on grasping.

Class No. IV.

Position 1. Eyes right (in direction of Senior table).

Class No. V.

Position 1.—Bring hand to comfortable position in front of body.
Position 2. Pick up sash of dress.
Position 3. Tie bow with sash.
Position 4. Untie bow.
Position 5. Continue this operaton till period is up.

Class No. VI.

Position 1. Fill chest with air.
Position 2. Cast eyes upward.
Position 3. Full chest of air.
Position 4. Lower eyes.

When To Study

Don't study when you're tired or have
something else to do,
Don't study when you're happy, for that
would make you blue,
Don't study in the daytime, don't study
in the night,
But study at all other times with all
your main and might.

END OF THE WORLD FEB. 16TH!

Reasons:

Annabelle Vreeland's hair isn't combed.
Mary Coney isn't laughing.
"Gin" Overby isn't talking.
"Dot" Reid isn't eating.
Miss Latane isn't wearing brown.
Miss Switzer isn't wearing red.

I'd Be Some Girl

If I had Elizabeth Lerch's personality,
Added to Nannie's originality,
I'd be some girl.

If with Izzie's style, I could wear my clothes,
And with Peanut's joy, dream away my woes,
I'd be some girl.

If, like Betty Little, I was cute and petite,
With Marjorie Cockrum's smile so sweet,
I'd be some girl.

Had I Baby's dimples, I'd smile much,
And like Stelle a skin you love to touch,
I'd be some girl.

If I could pitch a basket as Mill. B. does now,
And could serve in tennis as Sliz Coit knows how,
I'd be some girl.

If Buddy's hair on my head did grow,
And my mouth was Jeanette's cupid bow,
I'd be some girl.

If Jean Daugherty's pep I had,
And Babe Wood's hands, gee! I'd be glad,
For I'd be some girl

And last to have Mil Gardinor's eyes
Would I get there? **You'd be surprised!**

Here's to our acrobat Hodges,
There is not a ball that she dodges.
She is so quick and so spry,
That with laughter we all nearly die.
When she stands on her hand and heaves a deep sigh.

After debating over a design for some time, Marjorie finally said, "I guess I'll have to draw on my imagination."

Jane—"I wouldn't it is much easier if you do it on paper."

———o———

Old Girl—"What state are you from?"

New Girl.—"From Kentucky! The state of pretty girls and fast horses."

Old Girl—"Well, see that you don't reverse the order of such a reputation."

Katherine Robbins—"Oh! do you know Louise McKenny and I are going to represent "Pretty Ladies" tonight?"

Sarcastic One—"You're right sure it isn't 'Litle Women.'"

Some Aspects of M. B. S.

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

I.

On either side of the entrance stand,
Iron dogs which guard the portal grand.
All through the winter, cold and bleak,
They constantly their vigils keep—
The Mary Baldwin Seminary.
And up and down the people go,
Gazing through the drifted snow
To see the sentinels, and know
"This place is hallowed, very."

II.

S. M. A. boys, cadets daring,
Pass that way and stumble, staring
At the windows, always shrouded
In the mystery that's crowded
In Mary Baldwin Seminary.
Four gray walls are built around it
By the wisdom of her, who founded it,
And seclusion sweet, has crowned it;
It is quiet, solitary.

III.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad
In black and gray demurely clad,
Pass out in slow procession sad
To church, where services are had
For Mary Baldwin Seminary.
In the stiff pews they sit straight,
Won'dring what would be the fate
Of one who turned her curly pate
To see the crowded gallery.

IV.

Oft the people passing by it
Hear sweet singing, and standing quiet
Listen, and they move softly nigh it
Trying eagerly to spy it
In Mary Baldwin Seminary.
On Practice Hall the singer, weary
Turns to rag-time, gay and cheery;
Hears the teacher, faintly, clearly—
Begins again to practice, weary.

V.

Behind the walls the maidens wait
With timid wonder at the fate
Which in the world beyond, await
All those who pass outside the gate
Of Mary Baldwin Seminary.
Sometimes in moonlight, soft and bright,
A pair of lovers pass in sight
Giving wings for fancy's flight
To hearts romantic, very.

———o———

E. R. (describing fire drill)—"And then, if you are dressed, you lay your kimona on the bed."

M. Mc.—"What's that for?"

J. A. (sarcastically)—"So the bed can go out, too, of course."

———o———

Dear Prof. E.:

I am sorry I have a caller; I can't take a lesson, I'm sorry. E. S.

Prof. Eisenberg is still wondering whether Evelyn was sorry she had a caller or sorry she could not take a lesson.

At the time of Miss Higgins' dinner for the girls whose mothers attended M. B. S.

D. D.—"I think I ought to go. My mother was here."

A. Hull—"Maybe Miss Higgins doesn't know. I didn't know she was here."

D. D—"She certainly was, too. I guess she came down with me in the fall."

—o—

—o—

Song Hits of The Seminary

Smiles—Mary Coney.

Dear Heart (Are you true to me)—Rebecca Hatman.

When That Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam—Wilson, Kershaw, Builder.

She had those dreamy eyes that speak of love, 'n everything—Dot Parker.

Pretty Baby—Katherine Nelson.

Glow Worm—Isabelle McGowan and "Babe" Wood.

Everybody Shimmies Now — Libb Huggins.

My Old Kentucky Home—Vreelands.

Alcoholic Blues—"Gin" Overby.

Jazz Baby—Maggie Mellon.

Mickey—Catherine.

I'm Some Pretty Doll—Lolita Cruser.

Bluin' the Blues—French Dept.

One, Two, Three, Four—Miss Anne Riddle.

She'd say, Ou, la, la, oui, oui—Mlle. Fleury.

A Good Man is Hard to Find—By the entire seminary.

—o—

Miss S.—"Are you quite sure this is original work?"

G. S.—"Yes'am, but you might possibly have come across a few of the words in the dictionary."

—o—

WHAT'S STEAM?

What's steam?
Water gone crazy with the heat.

HEALTH CULTURE

by

Dr. Williamson, Ph.

Ladies, it is not my intention to preach you a sermon, but if you wish to have any health when you are a teacher at Mary Baldwin Seminary, you must lay the foundation for it now.

The first all-important point is to wear spats. I only wish the manufactories would use the money wasted on rouge and make them reach to the knee.

Another thing, "don't forget," always tie your camisole firmly around your neck and keep your hose fastened well above the heels.

A short waist under a woolen sweater is absolutely essential. "Well, now, if you wore a warm, sensible georgette dress you wouldn't have to go back and change it, but in a flimsy woolen sweater, you will catch your death of cold."

Always remember to go the covered way. If you play in the snow, you will be sure to get your feet frost-bitten and die of typhoid fever.

Laughing and talking after light bell has been known to cause serious throat trouble, and if you do not refrain from it, your constitution will be sadly undermined. Do not write more than one letter a month (that is to boy friends). You can write your parents once a week if it's necessary. Too much writing is injurious and your hands and arms will become paralyzed and useless for life.

There is one and only one secret of perfect health. It is this—drag four or five (or as many as you sat in) yellow chairs from the library every night and put away your books if you know where they belong.

Miss Fraser—"Mary, tell me what was the duration of the 30-years war?"

Art Student—"Why don't they carve statues of angels with beards?"

Wise One—"Because it takes a close shave to get into heaven."

Why do we go to church early?

To be on hands when the hymns (hims) are given out.

Found on an examination paper in arithmetic—9 square feet equals one square yard.

(?) Gee, at the first of last year, she had me strung on a string that would stretch from here to Roanoke, but let me tell you, the string broke

M. M.—"Why marvel—look what was on it."

Miss L.—"Won't you join my Current Events class?"

Stupid One: "No, ma'am, I had that last year."

—o—

FORLORN—"Becky," when parting with Lerch.

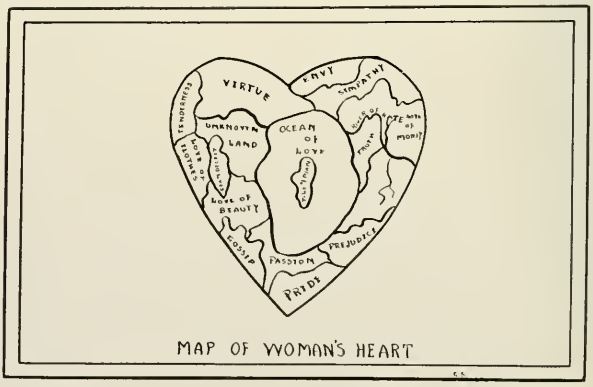
FORGOTTEN—That feeling you have when the mail comes up and your name isn't called.

—o—

E. C. wrote to her brother at A. M. A. and told him about our annual, "The Bluestocking." His reply was very prompt and said, "Well! I'd like to see more of it." Naughty boy!

Heard from some of the cadets: "What is the height of your ambition?"

"She comes just about to my shoulders."



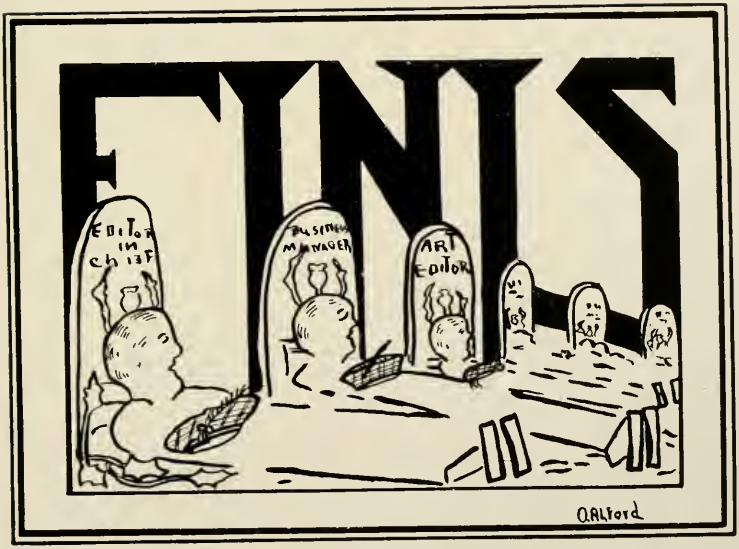
AFTERWORD

BEFORE you turn to the page bearing the word "Finis," we want you to know how very much we appreciate and thank those who have helped in the making of this book. If it had not been for their good suggestions and splendid co-operation, this BLUESTOCKING would not have been possible.

We wish to thank Miss Sherman and the English Department for their delightful contributions to the Literary side of our annual.

Deeply indebted are we to Miss Ida Bates Groff and the Art Department for illustrating and beautifying the book.

Also, we wish Miss Fanny Strauss to know how much we appreciate all that she has done in securing advertisements.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Phifer, Asenath ..... 709 East University Avenue, Gainsville, Fla.
Prugh, Louise ..... South Charleston, Ohio.
Pryor, Dorothy Elizabeth ..... East Bank, West Va.
Pryor, Minnie Louise ..... East Bank, West Va.
Poore, Martha Katharine ..... 38 East South Street, Jackson, Ohio.
Quarles, Mary Nelson ..... Edgewood Road, Staunton, Va.
Quarles, Cornelia Taylor ..... Edgewood Road, Staunton, Va.
Rankin, Mary Evans ..... 369 Orange Street, Macon, Ga.
Rawlings, Elizabeth Bragg, ... 1112 Westover Ave., Norfolk, Va.
Reade, Eleanor Gertrude ..... 550 South Weaddock Street, Saginaw, Mich.
Reid, Dorothy ..... 507 West Main Street, Danville, Ky.
Rensford, Freda Louise ..... Dana, West Va.
Richards, Irene Inez ..... Armour Boulevard, Kansas City, Mo.
Robbins, Esther Jane ..... Bayshore, L. I.
Robbins, Katharine ..... 1014 Hinman Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Rogers, Dorothy Julia ..... 118 North 13th Street, Lincoln, Neb.
Rosborough, Isabelle ..... 1626 Oak Street, Jacksonville, Fla.
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Rucker, Catherine Anne ..... Buena Vista, Va.
Ruckman, Reba Kathleen ..... "Selma" Staunton, Va.
Ruckman, Pauline Box ..... "Selma" Staunton, Va.
Ruckman, Frances Moore ..... "Selma" Staunton, Va.
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Sellers, Helen Hamilton ..... Box 346, Staunton, Va.
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Smith, Lucy Dent ..... Staunton, Va.
Sneed, Virginia Narcissa ..... 405 Walnut Avenue, Roanoke, Va.
Spragins, Margaret Elizabeth ..... Mitchellsville, Md.

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Stephenson, Lorena Frances .....Raleigh, West Va.
Stevens, Ruth Williston .....1333 F. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
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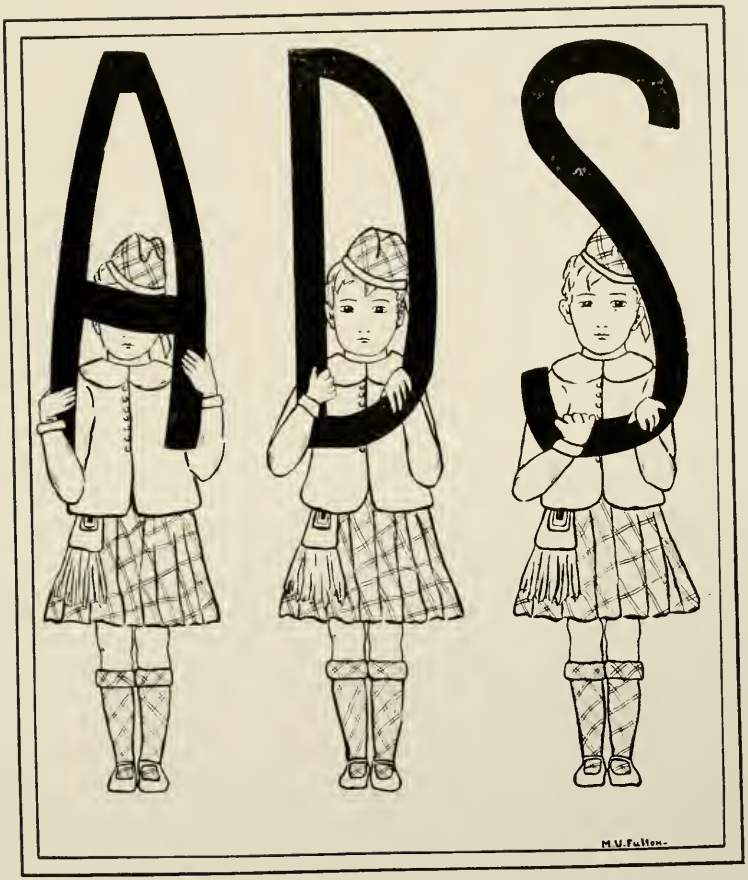
Williams, Clifford Lynn .....801 East Lee Street, Dawson, Ga.
Wilson, Rosa .....1107 South 20th Street, Birmingham, Ala.
Wise, Ada .....1106 Hamilton Street, Allentown, Pa.
Witz, Marjorie Burton .....232 Beverley Terrace, Staunton, Va.
Wood, Honora Thorn .....Thornburg, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Wood, Margaret .....Thornburg, Pittsburg, Pa.
Wright, Elizabeth McClintok .....541 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
Wyse, Mary Hardenia .....325 Sherwood Avenue, Staunton, Va.
Wyse, Emelyn .....325 Sherwood Avenue, Staunton, Va.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THE NATIONAL VALLEY BANK OF STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

DECEMBER 31, 1919

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Investments	$1,993,377.74	Capital Stock	$ 200,000.00
United States Bonds	217,044.38	Surplus and Profits	338,481.71
Overdrafts	39.32	Circulation	89,900.00
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	62,000.00	Deposits	1,822,561.11
Cash and Due from Banks	323,481.38	Bills Payable	145,000.00
	$2,595,942.82		$2,595,942.82

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FOOTER'S DYE WORKS, Cumberland, Maryland

Condensed Statement of **THE STAUNTON NATIONAL BANK**
OF STAUNTON, VA. — DEC. 31, 1919

Resources			Liabilities		
Loans and Investments		$791,126 35	Capital Stock		$100,000 00
U. S. Bonds		128,900 00	Surplus and Profits		46,884 12
Furniture and Fixtures		19,470 63	Dividends Payable Jan. 1, 1920		4,000 00
Cash on hand	32,911 28		Circulating Notes		80,000 00
Due from Banks	90,032 17	122,946 45	Bills Payable		47,900 00
			Rediscounts		63,008 58
			Deposits	615 437 10	
			Due to Banks	105,513 63	720,950 73
		1,062,743 43			1,062,743 43

3 per cent Interest paid in Savings Department

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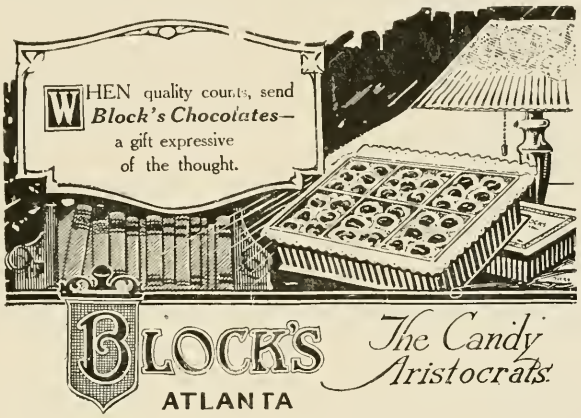

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